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The Week

IN THE United States the most important news of the week ending April 27 concerned the budget, freedom of speech and labor. President Roosevelt, as was expected, recommended cuts in appropriations because tax receipts fell below expectations. This would mean sacrifice of housing, agricultural measures and relief. . . . The Supreme Court, by a five-to-four decision, upset the conviction of Angelo Herndon under a Georgia sedition statute, thus strengthening freedom of speech for radicals. The chief adherents of strict constitutional "liberties" were against freedom of speech in this case. . . . The General Motors strike at Oshawa was settled without formal recognition of the union or the CIO, but the union officials contended that *de facto* recognition had been obtained. A strike in a Ford plant in California led to quick negotiations; a cannery strike in the same state produced violence. In Lewiston, Maine, striking shoe workers were opposed by an injunction outlawing their action on the curious ground that they had not first sought a vote of employees under the Wagner Act. Governor Barrows sent troops, although there was apparently no need of them. Federal representatives sought a settlement. Railroad clerks and freight handlers, threatening a strike in New York, brought presidential action for inquiry and postponement under the Railroad Labor Act. Employees in the Hershey factory, where violence had occurred in ousting sit-downers, voted against the CIO union. . . . The Department of Justice brought suit against the Mellon-owned Aluminum Company of America as a monopoly.

WHILE America was talking of an unbalanced budget and shivering about the faint prospect of higher income taxes, a Conservative government in Britain introduced a bill to raise the normal rate of income tax to 25 percent, and to restore the wartime excess-profits tax. This government also completed negotiations to buy out the owners of coal royalties as a preliminary to efficient organization of the coal industry. . . . Mussolini conferred with Premier Schuschnigg of Austria and informed him that Italy would not protect Austria against Germany if the Hapsburgs were restored. . . . England and France formally accepted the pre-war status of guaranteed neutrality for Belgium, it being made clear that while Belgium had thus receded from Locarno, the two great powers still regarded themselves as bound to protect each other. . . . Soviet Russia completed the second five-year plan in terms of average production, measured by rubles, nine months ahead of time. At the same time a new campaign was started against graft in high places. . . . Spanish insurgents made further gains in their siege of Bilbao, which received food supplies from blockade-running British ships. These merchantmen were protected up to the three-mile limit by British war vessels, and they were covered by insurance because the British government had changed the phrase "warning" them of danger to one "informing" them. A civil government was established in Madrid; General Miaja was released for purely military command. Rebel artillery continued to pour shells into the Spanish capital.

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WHAT may be the most important suit under the anti-trust laws in a quarter of a century was announced last week. The federal government entered action against the Mellon-dominated Aluminum Company of America, twenty-six individuals and twenty-six subsidiary or affiliated companies. The charge, in essence, is that the company is almost a complete monopoly and that its actions constitute an undesirable interference with free competition. This $174,000,000 enterprise owns or controls mines, factories, power companies, railroads and steamship lines. The government says that it owns, controls or has agreements with foreign producers to limit production and fix prices throughout the world. It has often been said in quarters that should be well informed that the present price of aluminum is perhaps 50 percent higher than it ought to be. What merit the government's contentions have, in general, will be seen as the trial continues. In some conservative quarters the charge is being made that this suit is a political reprisal of the Roosevelt administration against Mr. Andrew W. Mellon, former Republican Secretary of the Treasury and Ambassador to Great Britain. These same quarters, however, rejoiced loudly when the Supreme Court overthrew the NRA and brought the anti-trust laws back into operation. They can't have it both ways.

W. R. Hearst recently applied to the Securities and Exchange Commission for permission to float two public offerings of securities, aggregating $35,500,000. If these issues are permitted and are sold, they will bring his public offerings since 1930 to the tidy amount of $85,500,000. The SEC requires elaborate information from corporations seeking to offer securities, and many of the facts about the Hearst enterprises are set out in an article in last week's issue of Time, which we summarize in part:

> In the assets of Hearst Publications (which represents only part of the Hearst empire) good will, press franchises, reference libraries, etc., are valued at $38,000,000.
>
> Four of the Hearst magazines in this country lose money steadily. Six of the nine dailies included in Hearst Publications, Inc., made less money last year than ten years ago. Particularly bad is the record of The Seattle Post-Intelligencer and The Chicago Evening American.
>
> Four of his papers made less money in 1936 than five years ago, when the depression was at its worst.
>
> Six of his papers show circulation losses since 1932.
>
> The company called Hearst Publications earned less in 1936 than in 1934, contrary to the general tendency of American publishing as a whole.
>
> The Hearst organization is shown to be a maze of corporations which lend each other money, buy each other's stock, help to conceal each other's losses.

The Labor Research Association has filed a formal protest with the SEC against granting the Hearst request, on the ground that the applications filed do not disclose all the facts. The situation set forth by Time justifies the most careful investigation.

ANGELO HERNDON is at last free of the danger of spending twenty years in the Georgia chain gang for exercising his right of freedom of speech in political activity. Arrested in 1932, while leaving the Atlanta post office with literature advocating membership in the Communist Party, he was convicted and sentenced under an old law which forbids "any attempt to persuade or otherwise to induce others to join in any combined resistance to the lawful authority of the state." The Supreme Court found that there was no evidence showing that Herndon advocated "forcible subversion of governmental authority." There was evidence to show that he recruited Negroes for the Communist Party, and evidence of the purposes of that party. But the Party is a legal one in Georgia, and even if it were not, a statute penalizing "innocent participation in a meeting held with an innocent purpose merely because the meeting was held under the auspices of an organization membership in which, or the advocacy of whose principles, is also denounced as criminal, the law, so construed and applied, goes beyond the power to restrict abuses of freedom of speech and arbitrarily denies that freedom." It is noteworthy that this was another five-to-four decision, and that the four in the conservative minority are the very ones whose votes to limit the powers of government in economic and social legislation were hailed as bulwarks of liberty by opponents of "tampering" with the Court. It is clear that a court that would enlarge the liberty of business interests would restrict the liberty of those opposed to business interests.

FOR many years, Harlan County, Kentucky, has been a citadel of special privilege. The coal miners there have been forced to work at whatever wages and under whatever conditions the owners saw fit. For a miner to admit that he was a member of the union, and especially to attempt to organize his fellows, was sure to be followed by reprisals against himself, his family, his property. Nobody knows exactly how many miners have been killed, either by secret assassination or in pitched battles with the mine owners' imported thugs, but the number is certainly large. These conditions, which have long been a matter of public record, have been confirmed in the past few days in hearings before the La Follette Committee on Civil Liberties, in Washington. It was revealed, among other things, that Sheriff T. R. Middleton of Harlan County had 370 deputies, most of whom were paid by the mine owners. It was also revealed that in certain cases, at least, the sheriff levied upon their salaries. He accumulated a private fortune of $100,000 in a few years by means that he refused to explain. A witness against the mine owners was Lawrence A. Howard, who testified that he had been offered $100 to shoot a union organizer. Hardly had he got back to his hotel after testifying when a telephone call told him to leave town at once or be killed. It is a little startling to see these tactics used in Washington against a witness before

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a committee of the United States Senate; but no one would be at all surprised to see them employed in Harlan County. They are just standard practice down there.

A GROUP of distinguished citizens of Great Britain, representing widely varying shades of political opinion, have addressed an appeal to the Prime Minister asking for a realistic approach to the problem of maintaining peace by recognizing the economic basis of a great deal of the strain between nations. The signers ask that the British government make a clear statement of its intentions and they recommend a five-point program. They would first have Great Britain "do all in its power to expedite the proposed investigation under the League of Nations into the question of access to raw materials," and then undertake a revision of the Ottawa agreements with the idea of creating a "low-tariff group which all other countries would be invited to join on a reciprocal basis." They would at the same time have Great Britain join a worldwide movement to lower or remove quota restrictions in all countries and would return to a policy of the Open Door for trade in all dependent territories within the British Empire. As a final step toward "a non-discriminating and coöperative policy" to assure all countries access to raw materials, they would "advocate to other colonial powers concrete proposals for the general application of a strengthened mandate system under the League of Nations, to all dependent territories not immediately ripe for self-government." The signers include the Countess of Oxford and Asquith, Sir Arthur Salter, Professor Harold J. Laski, Sir Philip Gibbs, George Lansbury, and a long list of members of both houses of Parliament, leading clergy, trade-union officials, manufacturers and others.

ON April 22, several hundred thousand undergraduates in colleges and universities joined in a demonstration against war, continuing what has become an annual custom. The exact number is not known but may easily exceed 500,000, approximately one-half the total number of college students in the country. Although a few years ago many colleges opposed the annual demonstration, tried to break up the meetings and imposed penalties on the leaders, a sharp change has been seen in the attitude of educators in most parts of the country. In dozens of colleges, all classes were ordered suspended for the period of the anti-war demonstration, and members of the faculty and prominent outside speakers were invited to participate. It would be easy to overestimate the strength of the student pacifist movement; probably a large percentage of those who now proclaim their hostility to war would change their minds when the drums began to beat and the propaganda barrage was laid down. It would be an equally serious mistake, however, to underestimate this movement. It is probably true that never in all history has so large a proportion of the youth of both sexes realized the folly and horror of war as in this country at the present time.

A GOOD many newspaper editors and columnists have been poking fun at the inconsistency of some of the students who participated in last week's demonstration. They point out that two successive banners in the same parade would bear the slogans "No More War" and "Help the Loyalists in Spain." Perhaps some of this criticism is valid; youth is just as capable of occasional inconsistency as is age. We are inclined to think, however, that the editorial critics didn't quite understand the attitude of these young people. The percentage of pure, religious pacifists among the student demonstrators is probably minute. Right or wrong, the overwhelming majority, when they shout "no more war," mean no more imperialist war, no more war to save the investments of our capitalists abroad, no more war for the sake of the ruling classes in one group of nations as against those of another group. From their point of view, it is entirely consistent to urge support of the democratic forces in Spain against the assault made upon them by Spanish capitalists and clericals with the aid of German and Italian fascists. It is just as well to remember that some of these young American pacifists, hating war bitterly, have gone to Spain to fight for democracy, and a few of them have died in the trenches.

WISCONSIN is pioneering in adapting to American uses an interesting educational experiment that had its origin in Denmark. This is the farm folk school, designed to give an opportunity for intellectual, cultural and political development to farm boys who for one reason or another—usually economic—were unable to attend a regular college course. Frederic C. Howe, special adviser to the United States Secretary of Agriculture, describes these schools in a recent issue of School Life, published by the Office of Education. The folk schools hold sessions during four winter months at the University of Wisconsin in separate quarters of their own. Students are enabled to attend at a total cost of $25 per month. They receive lectures on general topical and cultural subjects, the speakers being drawn from the faculty of the university as a whole. Three or four evenings a week they participate in forum discussions. There is little or no instruction in the actual mechanics of farming, but there is study of the economics of agriculture and the relation of food producers to society in general, and special attention is given to a study of the coöperative movement. There are no tests or examinations and no formal academic credit, but the students, most of whom are three to seven years older than the average undergraduate, are so eager for enlightenment that very little scholastic discipline is necessary. The folk schools were introduced by Dean Chris L. Christensen, of the College of Agriculture in 1932, and their success has prompted other land-grant colleges to consider establishing them.

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CITY planners and traffic engineers are deeply alarmed about the growing congestion of automobiles in the streets of large communities, a congestion that is near to the saturation point in many places. Several devices have been considered with which to meet this problem. A large and growing number of municipalities now employ parking meters which penalize the motorist, with a fee of five cents an hour, for leaving his car in the business district. Some cities have established municipal parking areas on vacant lots, at low rates, or have encouraged private enterprise of the same sort; the difficulty here is that the heavier the congestion, the harder it is to find room for such parking. In England, where a similar problem exists, plans are now under way for large underground parking areas, with efficient ventilation and accessible entrance and exit ramps. In some Western cities, department stores are being built on the outskirts of town, only one or two stories high, with the entire roof available for patrons' cars. Traffic engineers are talking more and more of requiring new office buildings to furnish off-the-street parking facilities, but almost nothing has been done along these lines. It is interesting to learn, therefore, that the new Interior Department Building, just opened in Washington, was designed to permit some off-the-street parking. Space in the basement accommodates 215 cars, with six convenient ramps to the street level on Eighteenth and Nineteenth Streets. There is no charge for parking.

When and How to Balance the Budget

THE INTERLOCKED and confusing questions of balanced or unbalanced budgets, government borrowing and taxation have now reached a stage where it is necessary to take a fresh look at them and untangle them. This effort demands, not so much an array of figures with long series of ciphers after them, as a statement of principles too little understood, either by liberals or by conservatives.

Should the National Budget Be Balanced?—The most rational theory on this subject is that during a depression the budget not only is certain to be unbalanced but *ought* to be unbalanced. During prosperity not only ought the budget to be balanced, but current receipts should so far exceed current expenditures as to make rapid debt retirement possible. Thus, ideally the budget ought to be balanced on the average over a period of years including all phases of the business cycle. The time to try to balance the budget is therefore when recovery definitely sets in and prosperity seems to be in prospect.

The reason the budget ought to be unbalanced during depression is that then the stream of purchasing power, which is mainly derived from bank credit, shrinks because private business cannot borrow and spend; governmental borrowing and spending must take its place if deflation is to be moderated. Note that here we are speaking not merely of the necessity of heavy *spending* by government, but also of the necessity that this spending should be financed by borrowing based on bank credit otherwise idle.

The reason the budget ought to be balanced when recovery comes is that if the government goes on borrowing indefinitely when business is active, it will encourage and heighten inflation, and so emphasize the upward swing of the cycle. Sufficiently long continuation of borrowing might so ruin governmental credit as to bring actual monetary inflation of an extreme kind. There is no present danger of this in the United States, but there is a danger of credit inflation, and also a danger that the governmental debt will become too large to permit the necessary borrowing when depression next strikes us.

Our judgment is therefore that the budget ought now to be balanced and that debt retirement ought to begin at the earliest possible moment.

Is a Balanced Budget Synonymous with Retrenchment of Expenditures?—By no means. The budget may theoretically be balanced either at a high level of expenditure or at a low level, or anywhere between. The desirability of balancing the budget now is independent of the question as to how much the government ought to spend, and for what. It is, for instance, no argument against the desirability of a balanced budget to say that unemployment relief cannot now be cut. Nor is the desirability of balancing the budget necessarily an argument for cutting relief.

Our belief is that it will be necessary to continue relief in large amounts for some time to come. Still more firmly we believe that there are numerous constructive jobs waiting to be done by government, which are highly essential and demand larger expenditures than have ever been made in these directions. (Erosion control and housing are two large examples.) Some cuts in government spending doubtless can and ought to be made, particularly in the direction of armament. But we expect that the general trend of governmental expenditure will be and ought to be upward for years to come.

Does Larger Governmental Expenditure, Under a Balanced Budget, Demand Higher Tax Rates?—Not always and not necessarily. It does demand larger governmental revenue, but this depends not only on the rates of taxation, but also on the volume of national income. There is certain to be a rapid growth in revenue as a revival proceeds. A long-term growth of production and of national income means a long-term growth of revenue, without any changes in rates. This is particularly true of a tax system largely dependent on income and profits taxation, and still more so if this system bears heavily on the higher brackets.

It seems to be true at present, however, that the budget cannot be balanced promptly without a

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change in tax rates or the imposition of new taxes. Such a change would probably also be necessary to effect a rapid debt reduction as recovery grows.

What Kind of Change in Taxes Is Desirable to Finance Necessary Expenditures?—This is a large and complex question, concerning which only a few general conclusions can here be stated.

General sales taxes and special excise taxes on non-luxury commodities are in general to be avoided, because they bear more heavily on the poor than on those able to pay. We have far too many of them in the United States.

Taxes on income, graduated according to ability to pay, should be the main reliance.

If a large increase in revenue is to be derived from income taxes, that is, an increase beyond what is to be expected from the natural growth consequent upon revival, it will be necessary to lower the exemptions and raise the normal rates. Increases in surtax rates in the higher brackets, while perhaps justified on ethical grounds, will not sufficiently increase revenue, in view of the relatively high rates already fixed. A minor lowering of the exemption, however, will include millions who now pay no income tax, and even a small increase in the rate applicable to all incomes will jump revenue.

The normal rate in England, which used to be 20 percent, is now being raised to 25. Our normal rate is four percent. The English exemption is lower than ours. Surely we could stand paying five or six percent, if necessary, especially with the removal of sales taxes, and with a return of prosperity which increases incomes.

Does a Tax Increase Hamper the Growth of National Income?—Business interests, and even individuals, are likely to argue that if the government takes more money, both industry and consumers have that much less to spend, and hence the source of prosperity is dried up. This argument is fallacious. Government spends the money it taxes from us; the circulation of purchasing power continues just the same whether the government takes a dollar and uses it to pay for soil improvement or we give the dollar to a department store or a gas station. The real question is what will add most to average wealth and well being. We buy many things through government that are indispensable, and could buy many more. It is essential, of course, to see that money spent through government is used for valuable purposes, and is efficiently handled. If we are careful about this, an increase in government spending, even if financed by taxation, may actually enhance the national income.

The size of the national income depends on the amount and quality of production. It is not true, as many assume, that only private enterprise produces, while government dissipates the product. Government produces roads, parks, buildings, health services, education, information, postal service and thousands of other things. It produces things that private enterprise does not and could not produce at all; and does other jobs that private enterprise could not do so efficiently.

There is fully as much need to attend to the efficiency of private enterprise, from a social point of view, as to the efficiency of government. A productive system that wastes valuable natural resources, and fails to offer employment to millions of competent workers over long periods of time is notoriously inefficient and cries out for more governmental action. Governmental expenditure that does anything to remedy these faults is a positive aid to the growth of national income.

What Examples Are There of Prosperity Consequent Upon Increased Taxation and Government Spending?—Except in the case of Soviet Russia, which is a different story altogether, the examples are not happy ones; nevertheless they prove the point. First Germany, and now Great Britain, have markedly increased production and employment by large expenditures for armament. Armament-making prosperity is a phenomenon recognized even by conservatives. There is no reason in the world why government spending for things that have uses other than for purposes of destruction should not have as stimulating an economic effect. As long as there are idle equipment and labor; as long as the distribution of income and effort under private enterprise does not make full use of existing means of production; so long is there an opportunity for government, by controlling the stream of income through taxation, to increase production.

A United Front in China

EVENTS of great importance have been taking place in recent weeks in China. The government has tried to keep most of them secret, but their general outline is now emerging. What they amount to is at least a truce, and perhaps an alliance, with the Chinese Communists, and a more complete national resistance to Japan than has existed in this generation.

Dispatches last week announced the proposed formation of a Chinese National Defense Council. Its outstanding figures are to be Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, General Feng Yu-hsiang and two other military men, including the leader of the revolt in Kwangsi Province almost a year ago, who is bitterly anti-Japanese. Although Nanking still refuses to admit a sharp change of policy in regard to Communist China, it is a fact that the military drive has entirely stopped, and there is good reason to believe that in the northwestern area Communist and Nanking troops are working together against the Japanese menace. Strong demands are being heard in all parts of China for the calling of a national assembly to include representatives of every important group in the country, the chief purpose being to devise the most effective means of resist-

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ance to Japanese aggression. As a natural corollary, the Nanking government is being asked to restore freedom of speech and assembly and to release political prisoners. There is also a growing demand for a resumption of the alliance with Soviet Russia.

It seems clear that the increasing nationalist spirit in China is at least partly the cause of the marked change of policy within Japan in recent weeks. At the same time, as is natural, this new and more conciliatory attitude on the part of the enemy has itself encouraged Chinese resistance. The two developments together may have an important effect not only in Asia but in Europe as well. Japan is far less likely to make her long planned war upon Soviet Russia if she knows that she would also be opposed by a vigorous and united China. The possible defection of his Eastern ally is likely to make even Hitler think more seriously about attacking Soviet Russia from the west.

Back to 1914

HEADLINES in the daily press during the past week indicated that the cards of diplomacy in Europe are still being reshuffled. It was revealed that Great Britain and France do not regard the Locarno agreement as invalidated by Germany's actions, and that each of them will come to the other's defense if she is attacked. Although Belgium some months ago announced her withdrawal from all military obligations under treaty, both Britain and France have once more, as in 1914, undertaken to guarantee her independence.

Meanwhile, Central European affairs have also been in the limelight. It is reported (and diplomatically denied) that Mussolini, in accordance with his new ties with Germany, has told Chancellor Schuschnigg of Austria that he must show greater friendliness toward the Nazis, who are of course the puppets of Berlin. The Italian dictator is supposed to have warned Schuschnigg against a Hapsburg restoration. The Austrian Chancellor showed a surprising new concern lest Italy should connive in the isolation of Czechoslovakia, which Schuschnigg would like to see in the Danubian federation. It is indicated that Mussolini is opposed to this proposal. (It is widely believed in Europe that Hitler's first aggressive move may be against that country, which has several million German-speaking inhabitants, and a powerful German-inspired Nazi movement of its own.)

While the developments recorded in the press are certainly important, they are not exactly new; most of them consist of public admission of happenings that have been tacitly recognized for some time. Although the British Tory government has flirted with Hitler now and then, and although there is an impressive pro-German minority in the Cabinet, few students of international affairs have doubted that in the face of the German armament program, coupled with Hitler's complete undependability, Britain would feel that her own interest was best served by continuing to stand by France. This has been more than ever true since Mussolini, who is Hitler's ally with varying degrees of fidelity, so sharply challenged British power in the Mediterranean. Whatever the terms of the secret British-Italian understanding, it was not sufficiently complete for Britain to feel secure, and especially since Mussolini is as unreliable in regard to treaty obligations as is Hitler himself.

It remains true that British foreign policy is based primarily on the desire to maintain the status quo, at whatever cost, until her vast rearmament program is completed. She hopes for a stalemate in Spain and to this end she has pursued a policy that will, we predict, look more and more unforgivable as the perspective of history increases. She has tolerated a series of acts by Germany and Italy so contrary to both the letter and the spirit of the League Covenant that what little vitality the Geneva organization possessed has now been stamped out.

The parallel with 1914 is as striking as it is ominous. The analogy, however, must not be pressed too closely. Japan, which in 1914 decided for purely selfish reasons to come in on the side of the Allies, is now in the other camp, though apparently she begins to regret this fact. Italy, for whom the Allies were then able to bid higher than the Central Powers could do, is also on the other side today. The Austro-Hungarian empire has been broken down into a series of small states of which one is firmly on the side of Great Britain and France, one almost as firmly with Germany, and the other two still on the fence, with terrific pressure being exerted from both directions. Russia, which in 1914 was the world's chief example of tyrannical autocracy, is today a union of socialist republics. France, also, has moved far toward a genuine popular democracy. Germany and Italy have both gone backward, a great distance, in this regard. The United States, bitterly disillusioned by the effort to "make the world safe for democracy," is seeking by self-denying ordinances to keep from becoming embroiled again.

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Steel Signs Up

THERE was a procession in Aliquippa. It was not a very long procession, and the rain fell on it. In the first cars sat the men who had been discharged for union activities, and who were to be reinstated under the Supreme Court decision upholding the Wagner Act.

Yet that little procession in the rain was more important than the vast demonstrations that I had been seeing in Detroit. Essentially, the procession of thousands of workers in Detroit, the thirty thousand who assembled in the Coliseum, the thousands of Chrysler workers in front of the State House in Lansing just before the agreement between General Motors and the United Auto Workers, and the little procession in Aliquippa, were part of the same thing.

But the procession in Aliquippa definitely marked the end of the feudal system in steel. Consider Aliquippa, stronghold of Jones and Laughlin. The great works, with their black towers, their smokestacks, seem never-ending on the river front. Jones and Laughlin have owned Aliquippa. It is not so long ago that Mrs. Cornelia Bryce Pinchot, wife of the Governor of Pennsylvania, was denied the right to speak in the town. Now workers parade through Aliquippa streets. The Court decision had climaxed the startling series of successes of the CIO.

The day before the Aliquippa procession, I sat in the lofty offices of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee in the Grant Building, which looks down on the golden triangle of Pittsburgh. The offices were in a turmoil. It was practically impossible to see any of the officials. They were all "negotiating." The discharged Jones and Laughlin employees sat around the offices. News came that the Hubbard strike was settled. Organizers had come up from different sections of the steel empire. The aluminum workers in New Kensington were holding a convention, voting to affiliate themselves with the CIO.

It had been five months since the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee had held a convention of organizers. They had then counted their gains and mapped plans for an intensive drive. At that time they had announced that 82,000 workers had already been organized under the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee. That intensive drive had borne fruit. They had come into steel towns, such as Homestead, where frightened workers were reluctant to join the union. Their sound trucks had carried the message to workers fearful of coming to meetings. In Mr. Weir's company town of Weirton they had entered the political field and elected as sheriff one of the organizers beaten up by company thugs. They had made inroads on the company unions.

Meantime, in Washington, the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee hammered away. The use of espionage, the employment of gunmen and thugs from so-called detective agencies as strikebreakers, and the purchase of quantities of tear gas and machine guns to be used on the workers, were revealed to an astonished public

Workers flowed into the union. The 82,000 doubled. On February 11, the first great breach in the feudal wall which had stretched through mass-production industries was made, when General Motors signed the agreement with the United Auto Workers. On March 2 the walls of Jericho fell. The unbelievable and impossible happened; U.S. Steel came to terms with the SWOC.

Now, just before the Supreme Court decision, Chrysler, too, had signed agreements with the United Auto Workers and, following him, Hudson and Reo. The twin giants of the automobile world had capitulated to the union. With the Supreme Court decision and with union agreements signed by the steel and automobile industries, the whole status of labor in the United States changed. What has happened in steel is almost incredible. At this moment sixty agreements have already been signed with steel and steel-fabricating companies. These agreements affect 330,000 workers.

Later, I sat talking with Clinton Golden, regional organizer of the SWOC. I was squeezed in for a brief chat between negotiations.

"Negotiations are going on with most of the important independent companies," he said. "We are negotiating, among others, with Jones and Laughlin, Youngstown Steel and Tube, Wheeling Steel, Crucible Steel, International Nickel Company of Huntington, West Virginia, Timken Roller Bearing Company, Canton, Ohio, and Bethlehem Steel.

"For old-timers like you and me," said Mr. Golden, "it seems as though a miracle has come to pass. From all sides workers who have no relation to the steel industry are asking us to organize."

Just then the secretary announced a visitor.

"This man illustrates another kind of thing that has happened," Mr. Golden went on. "He is an employer who has had labor trouble. He has no relation to the steel industry, but a friend of his who recently signed a contract after a strike advised him to come to us to make an agreement with his workers—so here he is. The employers, too, are now asking us to straighten out their labor difficulties. We have been going ahead quickly and quietly, without fireworks, building a solid union responsible to its agreement. The time for agitation has passed. This is the era of negotiating, of solidifying our gains and making our reputation that of a responsible and respected organization."

Then suddenly we looked at each other in amazement. We were, as he said, both old-timers. We both

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had been through the great steel strike of 1919 and realized that we were talking now about a different world, and that since we had seen each other in November, the relations of the employers and workers had passed through a revolution, and what the CIO in steel was now striving for was stability. A changed world indeed.

In the waiting room outside I ran into Albert Atallah. He waved his hand around the room. "Only a little while ago they were firing men like these because they dared to talk of a union. Here is Marole, a handy man who was put on skilled work and fired because he could not do it. Out of work for over a year; four children; with eviction notices and the threat of water being turned off if he does not pay." He smiled broadly. "Back pay is coming to him and his old job. Here is a Massachusetts man—Phillips. He was motor inspector. He worked on a few minutes after the whistle blew to finish his job. The foreman popped out at him and shouted, 'What do you mean by keeping on working, can't you hear the whistle? Take your tools and get out of here.'

" 'But I didn't take my tools,' Phillips said, 'I told him I was coming back.' "

I went up to New Kensington, where the aluminum workers' convention was being held. This is the Alleghany Valley, known as the Black Valley. Up here in Brackenridge Fannie Sellins was murdered in 1919. Near here the coal miners, protesting against the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, were beaten and fired on. All union labor was crushed in the Black Valley for a generation. Only the miners kept the union flag flying. Now the Black Valley is black no longer. Not only is steel organized, but glass and aluminum as well. The Valley buzzes with union activity of every kind. The new affiliate of the CIO, the Aluminum Workers, are out to organize their 60,000 workers in the industry.

The financial secretary, Mary Peli, gives details of the need for the union. She was making 18 cents an hour when she was fired in 1933. Under the NRA the girls got 25 cents, but now they get 49 cents an hour and an hourly bonus, and the men get 63 cents.

I rode back with John Brophy from West Kensington. He ran over the almost unbelievable gains that the CIO has made during its brief history—automobiles and steel, over 300,000 each. Rubber, which in a year has increased from 3,000 organized workers to 70,000. The gains in the shoe industry. The new organizational drive in textiles. The million workers who have been organized by the CIO. The impetus that will be given to organized labor by the Supreme Court decision.

"More has been done in this last year to change the long history of this Valley than in all the time before," he said. As we got back into Pittsburgh, newspaper headlines three inches high were announcing: "COMPANY UNION DEAD."

Pittsburgh. MARY HEATON VORSE.

Hemingway Reports Spain

Since March 18, Ernest Hemingway has been reporting the Madrid battlefront for the North American Newspaper Alliance. The article below consists of passages selected from five of his dispatches. They have already been printed in various newspapers affiliated with the Alliance, but such publication has often been incomplete because of lack of space in many papers.—THE EDITORS.

Valencia, Spain

AS OUR Air-France plane from Toulouse flew down over the business section of Barcelona, the streets were empty. It looked as quiet as downtown New York on a Sunday morning.

The plane hit smoothly on a concrete runway and roared around to a stop before a little building, where, chilled through by our trip over the edge of the snow-covered Pyrenees, we warmed our hands around bowls of coffee and milk while three pistol-armed, leather-jacketed guards joked outside. There we learned why Barcelona looked so momentarily quiet.

A trimotor bomber had just come over, with two pursuit planes as escort, and had dropped its load of bombs on the town, killing seven and wounding thirty-four. Only by a half-hour had we missed flying into the dog-fight in which the insurgent planes were driven off by government pursuit ships. Personally, I didn't mind. We were a trimotor job ourselves, and there might have been confusion.

Flying low down the coast toward Alicante, along white beaches, past gray-castled towns or with the sea curling against rocky headlands, there was no sign of war. Trains were moving, cattle were plowing the fields, fishing boats were setting out and factory chimneys were belching smoke.

Then, above Tarragona, all the passengers were crowded over on the land side of the ship, watching through the narrow windows the careened hulk of a freighter, visibly damaged by shellfire, which had driven ashore to beach her cargo. She lay aground, looking against the sand in that clear water like a whale with smokestacks that had come to the beach to die.

We passed the rich, flat, dark-green fields of Valencia spotted with white houses, the busy port and the great, yellow, sprawling town. We crossed rice marshes, and up over a wild mountain chain where we had an eagle's view of civilization, and

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down, ear-crackingly, to the bright blue sea and the palm-lined, African-looking shoreline of Alicante.

The plane roared on toward Morocco, while I rattled into Alicante from the airport in a ramshackle bus. I arrived in the midst of a celebration that packed the beautiful sea promenade, lined with date palms, and filled the streets with a milling crowd.

Recruits between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-six were being called up, and they, their girls and their families were celebrating their enlistment and the victory over Italian regular troops on the Guadalajara front. Walking four abreast, arms linked, they were singing, shouting, playing accordions and guitars. Pleasure boats in Alicante harbor were packed with couples holding hands, taking their last rides together, but ashore, where long lines formed in front of jammed recruiting stations, the atmosphere was one of wild celebration.

All along the coast to Valencia, we passed through celebrating crowds that reminded me more of the old days of *ferias* and *fiestas* than of war. It was only the convalescent wounded, limping along in heavy, shoddy militia uniforms, who made war seem real.

On the Guadalajara Front

Rain and flurries of snow came down as I went over the Guadalajara battlefield and on beyond, where government troops, some with blankets wrapped around their shoulders, but many wearing captured Italian camouflage-painted ponchos, were pushing on along secondary roads beyond Brihuega, trying to establish contact with the fleeing Italian troops.

The government infantry had encountered resistance to the left of the main Saragossa road beyond Utande, and shells were spouting there, but otherwise there was a steady advance against an enemy that seemed determined to retreat off the map of the Madrid region which we were following.

Along the roads were piled abandoned machine guns, anti-aircraft guns, light mortars, shells and boxes of machine-gun ammunition, and stranded trucks, light tanks and tractors were stalled by the side of the tree-lined route. Over the battlefield on the heights above Brihuega were scattered letters, papers, haversacks, entrenching tools, and everywhere the dead.

Hot weather makes all dead look alike, but these Italian dead lay with waxy gray faces in the cold rain, looking very small and pitiful. They did not look like men, but, where a bursting shell had caught three of them, the remains took on the shape of curiously broken toys. One doll had lost its feet and lay with no expression on its waxy, stubbled face. Another doll had lost half its head while a third doll was simply broken as a bar of chocolate breaks in your pocket.

The line of battle ran from the heights through a scrub-oak forest and everywhere were signs of a sudden, precipitous retreat. There is no way of checking the amount of Italian losses in the Guadalajara battle. Estimates run to between 2,000 and 3,000 killed and wounded.

The principal results of the battle, besides saving the Guadalajara road, have been to provide the government with a major victory after eight months of defensive fighting and with a people united in its fury against foreign invasion.

Recruiting for a new army has reached a feverish pitch. When I left Valencia at five o'clock in the morning, I saw 2,000 men waiting for the recruiting station to open. A wave of enthusiasm is sweeping over the population, so that supplies and gifts from the smaller towns are pouring into Madrid in columns of trucks, while the morale of the fighting forces has been very greatly raised.

Generalissimo Franco, having exhausted his Moorish troops in repeated assaults on Madrid, now finds that he cannot depend on the Italians, not because the Italians are cowardly, but because Italians defending the line of Piave and Mount Grappa against invasion are one thing, and Italians sent to fight in Spain when they expected to go on garrison duty in Ethiopia are another.

This correspondent has been studying the battle of Briheuega for four days, going over the ground with the commanders who directed it and the officers who fought in it, checking the positions and following the tank trails, and states flatly that Brihuega will take its place in military history with the other decisive battles of the world.

There is nothing so terrible and sinister as the track of a tank in action. The track of a tropical hurricane leaves a capricious swath of complete destruction, but the two parallel grooves the tank leaves in the red mud lead to scenes of planned death worse than any hurricane leaves.

The scrub-oak woods northwest of the palace of Ibarra, close to an angle in the Brihuega and Utande road, are still full of Italian dead which burial squads have not yet reached. Tank tracks lead to where they died, not as cowards, but defending skillfully constructed machine-gun and automatic-rifle positions, where the tanks found them and where they still lie.

The untilled fields and oak forest are rocky and the Italians were forced to build rocky parapets rather than attempt to dig the soil where a spade wouldn't cut, and the horrible effect of a shell from the guns of the sixty tanks which fought with the infantry in the Brihuega battle bursting in and against these rock piles made a nightmare of corpses. The small Italian tanks, armed only with machine guns, were as helpless against the medium-sized government tanks, armed with cannon and machine guns, as coast-guard cutters would be against armored cruisers.

Reports that Brihuega was simply an air victory, with columns stampeded and panicked without fighting, are corrected when the battlefield is studied. It was a bitterly fought seven-day battle, much of the time rain and snow making auto transport impossi-

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ble. In the final assault, under which the Italians broke and ran, the day was just practicable for flying, and 120 planes, 60 tanks and about 10,000 government infantrymen routed three Italian divisions of 5,000 men each. It was the coördination of those planes, tanks and infantry which brings this war into a new phase. You may not like it and wish to believe it is propaganda, but I have seen the battlefield, the booty, the prisoners and the dead.

Madrid

Since six o'clock this morning, I have been watching the government attack on a large scale that is designed eventually to link up the forces on the heights of the Coruna road with others advancing from Carabanchel and Casa del Campo, cutting the neck of the salient rebel forces have thrust toward University City, and thus lifting the rebel pressure from Madrid.

It was the second attack I had seen at the closest range in the last four days. The first was in the gray, olive-studded broken hills of the Morata de Tajuna sector, where I had gone with Joris Ivens to film infantry and tanks in action, operating behind infantry and filming the tanks as they ground like ships up the steep hills and deployed into action.

A high, cold wind blew the dust raised by the shells into your eyes and caked your nose and mouth and, as you flopped at a close one and heard the fragments sing to you on the rocky, dusty hillside, your mouth was full of dust. Your correspondent is always thirsty, but that attack was the thirstiest I had ever been in. But the thirst was for water.

Today was different. All night, the heaviest insurgent artillery, mortar and machine-gun fire seemed close enough to be outside the window. At five-forty, the machine guns were hammering so that sleep was impossible. Ivens came into the room and we decided to wake up the sound-sleeping John Ferno, film operator, and Henry Gorrell, United Press correspondent, and start out on foot.

As we left the hotel, the door porter showed us where a spent machine-gun bullet had come in the door, breaking the glass. Eight minutes of unbreakfasted, downhill walking, loaded with cameras and gastric remorse from an excellent pre-battle celebration, brought us to headquarters in Casa del Campo.

Loyalist shells were going overhead, sounding like downcurving aerial subway trains with a boom at the end, but there was no insurgent artillery fire. This filled your correspondent with inquietude. I remarked, "Let's get out of this joint before they open up on it," which remark coincided with the whishing, rush arrival of the first of six three-inch shells, which burst behind us, ahead and in the trees.

We went forward on a path through trees covered with heavy green moss that surrounded the old royal hunting lodge, with shells bursting around us in the heavy woods. The only one that came with that authentic, personal, final rush of splitting air that you flatten to without choice or pride hit a big linden tree twenty yards away, and the splintered, new spring-sapped wood and steel fragments ripped out together.

We were stopped within 300 yards of the front line in the deepest woods, but, in that hollow in the woods, we could see nothing of general fighting except the sudden appearance of government bombing planes that came over and dropped clutches of eggs —boom, boom, boom, boom, then boom, boom, boom, boom—just beyond us; the rapidity and irregularity of sudden falling bombs is completely unlike artillery fire. Black clouds of smoke shot up over the newly green treetops.

There was absolutely no insurgent aircraft in sight. As we watched, a black government ground-strafer came low over the trees, and, in a whirling turn, swooped lower, its four guns spitting. A government battery was firing just over us, the shells tearing the air with a sound like that of a giant band-saw, the bursts coming so soon the fuses seemed set at zero. Just then, a motorcycle opened up behind Gorrell, who once was captured by an Italian tank on the Toledo road, and, in a spirit of reminiscence, he tried for the standing sideways broad-jump record.

"Let's get up where we can see something—out of this hollow," someone said. "There's gotta be a height somewhere where we can see the battle."

I had one figured out from studying the terrain, with this probability in mind, some days before. When we reached it, sweating heavily and beginning to be most thirsty again, the view was marvelous. The battle was spread out before us. The government artillery, with the noise now of flying freight trains, was registering direct hits with shell after shell on the insurgent stronghold, the castle-towered church of Vellou, with the stone-dust roaring up in steadily jumping clouds.

I could see government infantry advancing on a brown trench cut in a hillside. As I watched, I heard the drone of planes coming over, and, looking up, I saw three government bombers shining in the sun. As they unloaded on insurgent positions, sections of the clearly seen mud trench line disappeared in great towering black flowerings of death. The complete lack of any insurgent air power seemed unbelievable.

Just as we were congratulating ourselves on having such a splendid observation post out of the reach of danger, a bullet smacked against a corner of brick wall beside Ivens' head. Thinking it was a stray, we moved over a little, and, as I watched the action with glasses, shading them carefully, another came by my head. We changed our position to a spot where the observing was not so good and were shot at twice more.

Joris thought Ferno had left his camera at our first post, and, as I went back for it, a bullet whacked into the wall above. I crawled back on my hands and knees, and another bullet came by as I crossed the exposed corner.

We decided to set up the big telephoto camera. Ferno had gone back to find a healthier position, and he chose the third floor of a ruined house.

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There, in the shade of a balcony, with the camera camouflaged with old clothes found in the house, we worked all afternoon and watched the battle.

When the light failed, we returned to the hotel on foot, just in time to see a big trimotor Junker, the first seen over Madrid in two weeks and the only enemy aircraft seen in the day's battle, drop bombs on the government position and sweep on toward us. We all hunted some shelter in that bare, stone-paved square, and it was a great feeling when the huge, sinister-shaped, low-flying metal monoplane swerved off and passed on over the city.

A minute later, a snub-nosed government biplane was wheeling low over the center of the city and the Junker was seen no more. Junkers have guns in their wings. They cannot fire through their propellers, and the fast government pursuit ships attack these flying fortresses, manned by crews of six, nose to nose, on their one blind spot.

The crowd was looking at this little, wheeling biplane that had come to protect them with the admiration and affection of people who have seen the command of the air pass their way through the superiority of these same snub-nosed little fighters.

Madrid

At the front, a mile and a quarter away, the noise came as a heavy coughing grunt from the green pine-studded hillside opposite. There was only a gray wisp of smoke to mark the insurgent battery position. Then came the high inrushing sound, like the ripping of a bale of silk. It was all going well over into the town, so, out there, nobody cared.

But in the town, where all the streets were full of Sunday crowds, the shells came with the sudden flash that a short circuit makes and then the roaring crash of granite dust. During the morning, twenty-two shells came into Madrid.

They killed an old woman returning home from market, dropping her in a huddled black heap of clothing, with one leg, suddenly detached, whirling against the wall of an adjoining house.

They killed three people in another square, who lay like so many torn bundles of old clothing in the dust and rubble when the fragments of the "155" had burst against the curbing.

A motor car coming along the street stopped suddenly and swerved after the bright flash and roar and the driver lurched out, his scalp hanging down over his eyes, to sit down on the sidewalk with his hand against his face, the blood making a smooth sheen down over his chin.

Three times one of the tallest buildings was hit. Its shelling is legitimate, since it is a known means of communication and a landmark, but the shelling that traversed the streets seeking the Sunday promenaders was not military.

When it was over, I went back out again to our observation post, only ten minutes away by foot, in a ruined house, and watched the third day of the battle where government forces are trying to complete an encircling movement to cut the neck of the insurgent salient thrust into Madrid last November. The apex of this salient is the Clinical Hospital in University City and if the government can complete the pincers-like movement from the Estramadura road to the Coruña road this whole salient will be cut off.

Behind a chalky-showing line of newly dug trenches the men lay. Suddenly, one ran, bent low, to the rear. A half-dozen followed and I saw one fall. Then four of these returned and, bent forward like men walking along a dock in a heavy rain, the irregular line went forward. Some flopped to take cover. Others went down suddenly to stay as part of the view, a dark blue spot on the brown field. Then they were in the underbrush and out of sight and the tanks were moving ahead and shooting at the windows of the houses.

Below a sunken road there was a sudden flame and something burned yellow, with a black, oily smoke rising. It burned for forty minutes, the flame mounting and then dying to mount again suddenly and, finally, there was an explosion. Probably it was a tank. You couldn't see or be sure because it was under the road, but other tanks passed it and, shifting to its right, went on firing into the houses and the machine-gun posts in the trees. One at a time, men ran past the flame and into the woods along the slope close by the houses.

The machine-gun and rifle fire made one solid, crackling whisper in the air and then we saw another tank coming up with a moving shadow behind it that the glasses showed to be a solid square of men. It stopped and lurched and turned to the right where the other foot soldiers had run one at a time bent double and where we had seen two fall. It passed into the woods and out of sight, its followers intact.

Then there was a great shelling again and we watched for the assault while the light failed and you could see nothing through the glasses but the plaster-shattered smoke of the houses where the shells were bursting. Government troops were within fifty yards of the houses when it was too dark to see.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY.

Europa and the Bull

(In this hour)

Strayed from what meadow of hell this bellowing shape
To her who sees the figures of her dread
Stem from the belly and from out the head
And sees the hooves beneath the lowered nape
Plunge as she seeks in earth and sky, escape?
But he shall reach her where her steps have led
And we shall see from earth and overhead,
Her fainting glories galloped to the rape.

And when the seed of this has sprung up armed,
Half beast, all monster, swift to bring about
Its battles for the coming of the dark,
Whoever lives and still has eyes unharmed
May see at last those hoof-like feet stamp out
The torch of mind, man's dream, to the last spark.

RIDGELY TORRENCE.

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The Irish Censorship

FOR NINE years now the Irish censorship has done its ignoble work, and the list of books banned by it comprises almost every English and Irish work of note published within the decade. With the general evils of a censorship *qua* censorship the present writer does not propose to deal: this article is intended only to show the particular factors that make especially malignant and disastrous the Irish version of a dangerous general theme.

The first and dominant impression produced by an impartial study of the Censor's black list is the catholicity of its damnation. Starting with Aldous Huxley's "Point Counter Point," and with its last entry to date Sean O'Faolain's "Bird Alone," it embraces with the same relentlessness palpable pornography and the work of G. B. Shaw, Francis Hackett, Nora Hoult, Ernest Hemingway, Sean O'Casey, Austin Clarke and Richard Aldington. The list even contains a book by a Buchmanite. The censorship board has no principles of discrimination between erotic literature, whose appeal lies in its eroticism, and books of authors whose investigations of the life of man lead them to discuss physical love as one of his normal activities. *But,* we are told, according to the censorship act, all works on the list are banned as "in general tendency immoral and obscene." Let us consider a few of the more flagrantly unjust examples in the light of this statement.

"Green Lion" by Francis Hackett (banned May, 1936) is an attempt to give expression in fictional form to the communal experiences of Ireland during the Parnellite years. It is a story of the evil fate of an Ireland misled first by clericalism and then by nationalism. It contains an attack on Irish clerical education, the justice of which has been avowed by many Catholics. There is not a single incident in the book that can be described as indecent, much less is its general tendency "immoral and obscene." Shaw's "Black Girl in Search of God" was banned: can any reader discover incitement to immorality therein? Mr. O'Faolain's "Bird Alone" is the last on the swollen list. Its author has certainly tried to divest the story of incidents that would be food for the lascivious fancy, but apparently the theme of the seduction of a girl presents a phenomenon so rare in the Irish Free State that the very mention of it is corrupting. It is the distinctive feature of the Irish censorship, this incapacity to make distinctions, the willful blindness of self-conscious ignorance. So significant is this quality that we are led to ask—who are the Irish Censors?

The Censorship Board is a small and select body of clerical, or at least religious-denominational, composition. It numbers amongst its members one university professor and one eminent dignitary of the Church. From the cultural level of its personnel one might expect taste at least, if not tolerance. Practically, however, the Censorship Board is only the final tribunal, before whose bar the culprit stands to be convicted of his misdemeanors against morality. His destruction has been planned in the first place by lesser folk than the bigwigs of the Censorship Board—by the local libraries' committees.

The number of those who know, or even profess to know, anything of literature in Ireland is small. To claim an acquaintance with the works of Synge, Yeats or O'Casey is liable to render the too earnest seeker after culture suspect, unless his knowledge is supported by a healthy desire to persecute enlightened thought. There are consequently few competitors for places on the committee, nor have the selected evinced any proof of critical ability. Their sole qualification has been their officiousness in constituting themselves guardians of morality whose zeal for smut-hunting would cast doubts on the integrity of their principles in more enlightened countries. When a new work appears, especially a work of fiction and more especially a work of fiction by an Irish author, the library committee of some obscure parish acquires it in the ordinary way. It reads, marks, and discovers that it is mental food unfit for public consumption and five copies are accordingly sent to the Censors. Sometimes—or so we would like to hope—the Censors indulge in some Pilate-like objections to the condemnation of obviously innocent defendants. Too often, however, they carry the role of Pilate to its conclusion and, blackmailed by the threat of being thought no friend to Irish morality, ban the work out of hand. From their decision there is no appeal. They are not even compelled to state the particular grounds which they consider justify the banning of this book.

The length of time that may elapse between the appearance of the book and the action of the Censors is variable. In the case of "Bird Alone" and "Green Lion" the period was only four weeks—because the local libraries were on the watch. Sometimes a cheap edition stimulates belated endeavor on behalf of public decency. Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms" was banned seven years after publication when this year it appeared for the first time in the Penguin Series. Five sixpenny copies are easier paid for than the corresponding number of seven and sixpennies.

So much for Irish Puritanism, but there is a darker side to the picture, if darker can be. Some other force besides Puritanism is fighting on the side of censorship in Ireland. On no grounds real or fancied, would "Black Girl," "Green Lion" and "Bird Alone" be censored save because of their anti-clerical tendency. Not merely is such repression dangerous in a Europe already distracted with authoritarian, anti-intellectual governments: it is an act of inexcusable treachery under the terms of the Censorship Act, which, to safeguard the rights of the religious minorities, expressly states that immorality and obscenity shall be the only grounds for the banning of a book. There is no proviso justifying the censorship of any work for purely religious reasons.

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Irish writers cannot stand aloof from the main problems of Irish life. Morality, religion, nationalism—they are the questions of the day everywhere and nowhere are these strands so woven into the texture of daily life as in Ireland. Free and fearless discussion is the only way to solve our difficulties. It is the way followed by all the remaining democracies in Europe. Ireland must tread it or cease to gaze with reproach at the state censorship of the USSR, Italy or Germany. DAVID GRENE.

The Future of Democracy: IV

We publish below two more statements on the future of Democracy, continuing the series in which three instalments have already appeared. José Mancisidor is a well known Mexican philosopher. Bertrand Russell, who prefers to be known by that name rather than by his title as Earl Russell, has an international reputation as publicist, mathematician and philosopher. Another group of contributions will be published in an early issue.—THE EDITORS.

Bertrand Russell

I DO NOT believe that "political democracy is on the wane." There is nothing new about the present anti-democratic movements; there were similar movements after the French Revolution, and after the revolutions of 1848, not to mention the age of Louis XIV. The two Napoleons were closely analogous to modern dictators; they owed their success to French inexperience in working democratic government. My grandfather, Lord John Russell, in a letter written from France in 1871, expressed the general opinion when he said: "I fear that a Republic like that of America is not practicable in France. They would prefer a military hero, or a civil despot, to any quiet wise man who can bear liberty in others." So people now speak of Germany—let us hope with equal lack of truth. Italy and Germany had only a brief period of democracy; Russia had none. America, Great Britain and the self-governing dominions show no tendency to abandon political democracy; in France, since 1870, all movements toward dictatorship have been defeated. It cannot be maintained that the regime is secure in either Germany or Italy; certainly it is not likely to survive defeat in war. There are good reasons for supposing that Russia will gradually develop a democratic system. We are in a period of reaction, analogous to that of the Holy Alliance after the previous Great War; but I see no ground for supposing that the reaction will be permanent, or will destroy democracy in the United States, France or Britain.

"Is authoritarian government superior to democracy?" One must ask: superior for what? Perhaps, for purposes of war, there is a short-term superiority to be obtained by establishing a popular authoritarian government in a country that had previously been democratic. But (a) most authoritarian governments soon cease to be popular, (b) the absence of free criticism soon produces bureaucratic conservatism which is fatal to success in war. Ever since the beginning of the eighteenth century, victory in every important war has gone to the side that had the most nearly democratic institutions. Apart from war, it may be argued that authoritarian government is better than democracy in that it allows more consistent planning. I think it must be admitted that, if any important economic change is to be successfully carried out, a government will need some years of free initiative. This, however, is not incompatible with democracy, which consists in the occasional exercise of popular control, but does not demand the constant hampering of the executive. The ultimate power of the majority is very important to minimize the harshness inevitably involved in great changes, and to prevent a rapidity of transformation which causes a revulsion of feeling. I do not believe, therefore, that an authoritarian government is better than a democracy, though I believe that, in times of crisis, a strong and temporarily unhampered executive is necessary.

"Are security and freedom for the individual compatible?" As to this, it should be said, first, that freedom and democracy have only an accidental and external connection with each other. In time of war, a democracy may exact a very rigid control over the individual; in China, while the Emperor was nominally omnipotent, the individual had a degree of freedom which is now unknown in the Western world. Economic security for the average citizen is incompatible with economic freedom for the capitalist; economic freedom is necessarily limited to a small minority, and as industry becomes concentrated into fewer organizations, the minority becomes smaller. Economic freedom, as conceived by the friends of peasant proprietorship and small businesses, belongs to a stage of industrial development which is past. Economic power, nowadays, must be centralized, and the only question is whether it shall belong to an oligarchy or to a democratic State. The latter gives some chance of general security; the former, none.

The kinds of individual freedom that are important are cultural: freedom of religion, of opinion, of art and science. It is difficult to reconcile these with modern large-scale economic organization. At present, in nominally democratic countries, artists and men of science depend for their success upon the rich; in dictatorships, they depend upon the gov-

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ernments. The problem of obtaining for them some degree of liberty is difficult, and has never yet been solved; Homer had to flatter chiefs, and so did Virgil, Shakespeare and Walt Whitman. The problem has its importance, but it is a very much smaller importance than that of the problem of economic and political power. To cause *both* these to be evenly distributed is the chief task of our age; it is necessary to solve it not only for happiness, but for stability. So long as there are either rich and poor, or rulers and ruled, there will be danger of wars—both civil wars and wars of conquest. And so long as the danger of war continues, our scientific civilization may at any moment destroy itself.

José Mancisidor

IN THE first place we must define the terms. I think that "democracy" in its highest manifestation does not exist in the capitalist world. From the false relationship between reality and thesis stems the current discredit of what we shall have to call "bourgeois democracy."

But the decadence of "democracy" in the hands of an important class like the bourgeoisie cannot be taken as the liquidation of democracy in the purest acceptance of the term. Quite the contrary, since the disintegration of the bourgeoisie as the ruling class has placed a new social class, the proletariat, in the leading role. This new directing class has already drawn in the Soviet Union the outlines of a genuine and integrated democracy, the democracy of the proletariat, which synthesizes the most noble and lofty manifestation of this ideal.

After the disappearance of the economic causes which divide present capitalist society into social strata, we have seen appear in that country, brought into being by the creative hands of the proletariat, the deepest and most human expression of democracy up to our time. I wish therefore to affirm that:

1. "Bourgeois democracy" has lost prestige.
2. Democracy in the hands of the proletariat has given evidence of its highest potentiality.
3. The process which brings a new social class into power is the most interesting historical event in the life of the human race, since there come into being the bases of a new society in which the democratic principle of life brings to new and stronger flowering this political doctrine which in the hands of the bourgeoisie is doomed to disappear.

I do not believe either in the superior efficiency nor in the superior value of authoritarian government. This shame of our times, brought into fashion by fascism, means no more than the brutal and cynical last effort of the most reactionary and selfish elements of capitalist society. Kept from domination under the methods of "bourgeois democracy," they have recourse to terrorism and violence. What might apparently be taken as a sign of strength, reveals fundamentally their weakness. The disintegration of capitalism is so violent that it does not hesitate to have recourse to brutal repression to maintain its political hegemony, and thus the individual is crushed by a shameful regime built up on injustice and bestiality, a regime that denies all value to human life.

Italy and Germany, the specific types of authoritarian government, confirm my statement. Never has human life been held cheaper than in those countries today, and never has a political regime expressed itself so ruthlessly against everything that is nobly human.

The case of Ethiopia; the intrusion of Germany and Italy into the destiny of heroic Spain, with the pretense of upholding the clergy, the aristocracy and the great landholders of Spain, whose crimes have surpassed anything imaginable; the destruction of masterpieces of art and literature; the recent edict in Germany forbidding literary criticism; the concentration camps, from one of which Ossietzky has emerged a sick and aged man—in short, a whole series of crimes which it would be tedious to enumerate brings us to the following conclusions:

1. "Bourgeois democracy" means the effort of a class once revolutionary and progressive—in its own time—against the decadent forces of the past.
2. "Bourgeois democracy" is a form of government of the liberal bourgeoisie as opposed to the black forces of capitalist reaction which wish to throw the world back into the past.
3. It is necessary to retain what the bourgeoisie has created in its period of glory, by defending it against the brutal attacks of ignominious fascism.

The third question seems to be one of the many theories that fascism has tried to exploit in its own favor, and for this reason it is necessary to make a clear statement on this point.

It is obvious that the liberal regime is going more and more to pieces, but it is not necessary that this should mean a return to a new medievalism and that we have to combat it for that reason. Therefore a recourse to the illegal means of fascism, in which human dignity never raises its level, would be a fundamental error.

If the liberal democratic regime has entered upon a phase of complete disintegration, it will not be disorder and violence that will succeed in organizing a new society. That society can be only one in which the individual attains his true economic independence by means of suppression of individual property—which fascism does not do—and in which the individual thus enjoys the fullest feeling of liberty. We therefore have to say:

1. Only economic independence will give the individual effective and final freedom.
2. This freedom, arising from his own security, brings into relief the fact that one is the consequence of the other and that,
3. In the society of the future, freedom and the creative spirit of man will attain proportions hitherto unknown. It will be then that the human personality will feel itself wholly free.

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Washington Notes

The New Deal's Split Personality—Mr. Voorhis' Two Bills—House Liberals Prepare to Fight —The FHA and Mortgage Payments

THE 1938 relief program is a good illustration of the schizoid tendencies of the New Deal. The junior Senator from South Carolina, Mr. James F. Byrnes, is celebrated as a New Dealer; his friendship with Mr. Roosevelt is one of the beautiful sights of Washington. At the moment, Mr. Byrnes is yammering that the integrity of the New Deal depends on cutting the 1938 relief budget to $1,000,000,000, and not a nickel more. He appears to have the backing of Vice President Garner, and Senators Robinson and Harrison, official New Deal Senate leaders.

Now shift to the young liberals of the House. They are New Dealers all. Some of them, like Mr. Maury Maverick, are as close to Mr. Roosevelt as Mr. Byrnes is; in last summer's campaign Mr. Roosevelt made a long trip to San Antonio, Texas, to give Mr. Maverick his blessing. The House liberals are passionately backing the proposal of earnest, thoughtful H. Jerry Voorhis of California to appropriate $2,520,000,000 for relief. Their spokesmen say that a nickel less will mean that the New Deal has been egregiously betrayed.

Mr. Roosevelt's own figure, given in last week's budget message, is $1,500,000,000. In a press conference the same day, he is reported to have stressed that $1,500,000,000 was an honest figure, one that would not require a supplementary appropriation next January. A few breaths farther on in the same interview, he announced that there would not be a reduction in the WPA rolls during 1938; if there were a few dismissals in one area, new workers would be taken on in another. Possibly these two statements may be reconciled, but I do not know how. Relief is going to cost $2,620,000,000 for the present year, and, if the WPA is going to maintain its rolls at the existing level of 2,150,000, relief is going to cost at least $2,000,000,000 in 1938.

Mr. Voorhis has drafted two bills which attempt to introduce candor and intelligence into relief policy. The more far-reaching of them—following the Brownlow report on government reorganization—proposes the establishment of a Department of Social Welfare, a division of which would have the duty of preparing, and keeping up to date, a list of possible public works, chosen according to the degree to which they would add to the country's real wealth. A second division would prepare, and keep up to date, a list of the country's unemployed workers, with their geographical location and the kind of work they could best do. In advance of each fiscal year, it would be the duty of the Cabinet officer at the head of the department to fit both lists together—the work to be done and the labor available to do it—and submit detailed recommendations to Congress.

A second bill drafted by Mr. Voorhis omits any mention of the proposed Department of Social Welfare, but gives the same powers and duties to the existing WPA. This alternative bill is to be pushed in case the first one becomes bogged in the cabinet and congressional jealousies that have sprung up around the Brownlow report—jealousies so intense that it seems unlikely governmental reorganization will be touched at the present session. Mr. Voorhis greatly relaxes the present means test, recommending that any worker who fails to find a job through the United States Employment Service be considered eligible, "unless some other member of his immediate family is employed at a sufficient wage to maintain said family in health and decency." Even this restriction seems unfortunate; it is directly analogous to Section 213 of the Hoover Economy Act, forbidding more than one member of the same family to hold employment in the regular government service, one of the best-hated laws on the federal statute books. Mr. Voorhis also makes a strong recommendation that relief expenditures be met by advances in the income-tax rate, and not by deficit financing.

The interesting thing about this program is that it is almost exactly what Mr. Hopkins has been advocating for the last three years. It would permit him to plan at long range, and permit parallel long-range planning by local authorities. Still more to the point, as far as appropriations are concerned, it is what the administration will in fact have to do in 1938. Mayor LaGuardia's Conference of Mayors and the New Deal State Governors will not permit the relief program to be cut next year; that is a political certainty. The economy-howlers in the Senate—Mr. Byrnes and his associates—know this, or ought to know it. They know, or ought to know, that the chief thing their current oratory will accomplish is to scare the unemployed half to death. They are taking one of the cheapest and nastiest ways possible to get reactionary newspaper applause.

About a hundred New Deal liberals in the House stand behind the Voorhis proposals. Since these proposals embody Mr. Hopkins' own ideas of what a relief program should be, and since they provide for an appropriation only slightly larger than the administration will have to spend anyhow, you might suppose that the New Deal leadership of the House would regard them with benevolent neutrality, if not favor. On the contrary, the House leadership has already boasted of its ability to prevent them from ever reaching the floor. The likelihood is that an administration bill, carrying Mr. Roosevelt's suggested $1,500,000,000, will be brought in under a rule forbidding amendments, and limiting debate to one or two hours. A handful of liberals, if they beg hard enough beforehand, will be given five minutes each in which to explain why it would be sensible for this nation to adopt a considered relief policy. Then bang will go Speaker Bankhead's gavel, and the bill will be popped over to the Senate.

It should be said, however, that the liberals have not yet given up. They are holding regular meetings, and they believe that, if they can compel a fair debate, they can win. Three weeks ago, they licked the House leadership in open battle on a bill introduced by Representative Dies of Texas to investigate sit-down strikes, a victory largely neglected by the newspapers. The bill was brought on the floor by Mr. John J. O'Connor, chairman of the Rules Committee, a few hours after he had lunched with Mr. Roosevelt at the White House, and the wholly unjustified inference was permitted that it had Mr. Roosevelt's approval. The New Deal majority leader, Mr. Sam Rayburn, helped direct the fight for the bill's passage. But the liberals won, after as sharp a parliamentary scrap as the House has seen. They forced technical delays, jockeyed for speaking time, sent

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volunteer whips slithering up and down the aisles, and in the end marshaled 236 nays to 149 ayes. It was a great victory, and has given the liberals confidence.

Public-housing experts in the administration are becoming increasingly critical of the Federal Housing Administration. According to the FHA's own figures, 58.6 percent of the families buying homes under FHA auspices have pledged themselves to make mortgage payments equal to 15 percent or more of their incomes. Experts say that such commitments are dangerously high, particularly since 21.7 percent of the borrowers are earning $2,500 or less. After the first few years, the families will be obliged to make regular and expensive repairs if their homes are not to depreciate. The experts feel that the FHA may be encouraging one of the commonest real-estate rackets, which is to oversell purchasers with a property that cannot be maintained, and will inevitably deteriorate until much of its value is lost.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

The President and the Budget—Taxation Must Be the Basis of Borrowing—Deflation Is Bound to Come

MUCH IS made of the fact that in three different years the President prophesied he would balance his budget next year, and that each time he ran up a deficit of more than $3,000,000,000, and that, taken all together, his prophecies went wrong to the tune of $10,000,000,000. That a President should go wrong in a revenue expectation is certainly nothing new. Nor would we need to fret overmuch about this performance if there were nothing more to it than the error. The seriousness of this episode is that when the prophecies were made nobody believed them; that they were manifestly not made with any serious intentions of carrying them out and that they revealed the President in one of those phases of his character which even his friends secretly deplore—his amazing lightheartedness, even light-mindedness, about grave matters.

Now once more he promises to bring his budget into balance. And this time there is a disposition to believe him. Because of this conservative editors and financial persons applaud the intention and pray that it will be carried out. What strikes me about all this—the President's pious hopes and the business world's earnest prayers—is that neither has considered what will follow the balancing.

Obviously the government cannot follow a policy of spending borrowed money for five years and then cut it off without producing certain repercussions throughout the economic society. And since the President now perhaps really proposes to settle down to budget-balancing—a little frightened at last at his own recklessness—we may well ask as we contemplate the future whether the borrowing program was not the major mistake of the whole Roosevelt program and whether or not its ending may not mark the end of the Roosevelt myth. Mark you, I say the borrowing program—not the spending program.

There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that the fundamental error in American economic drift has been the striving during the last nineteen years to maintain the price level of the war days. It was not possible and we never succeeded in doing it. We did try and we did succeed in keeping prices up. But this was made possible only by the flooding into the system of the vast deluge of private long-term credit from 1923 to 1929.

When the collapse came and credit was checked, prices collapsed. The economic system was struggling painfully to come to a price level that could be supported without so much credit inflation. At the beginning of his administration, the President, acting under very bad advice, decided that low prices were the cause of the depression. He announced that he would have to get prices up—up to the 1926 level. He said, "If we cannot do it one way, we will do it another." He thought the NRA would achieve this miracle. But of course that was absurd. Meantime the country continued to sink to lower levels of activity, so by September, 1933, the President began to spend. But he spent money which he borrowed from the banks. This turned out to be so easy that he kept it up. He has kept it up until now. And it has been this borrowing which has produced a degree of inflation and driven prices up. Prices have not yet reached the 1926 level, yet the President, in fright, is talking about doing something to check the rise. Apparently something has gone wrong.

Now there is no fundamental objection to the spending program as far as I am concerned. And I do not think it should be ended. The trouble is that up to now, while Roosevelt has spent over $14,000,000,000 on recovery and relief, he has not raised any of it by taxes. Every dollar of this money is owed by the government. Had the President raised by taxes the funds needed for recovery and relief there would have been no such boost in the price level. The cost of recovery and relief would have been far less. There would have been no government credit inflation such as we now have. And there would be no danger of wrecking the so-called recovery by pulling from under it the thing which holds it up—namely the federal borrowing program.

The progressive supporters of the President have, I think, made this grave, perhaps mortal mistake, that they refused to distinguish between the spending and the borrowing program. The former was defensible, the latter was not, but they lumped both policies together and upheld the borrowing because they favored the spending.

The President's policy, which now begins to double back and turn upon him, may be compared a little bitterly with the spectacle of England's plan reported in parallel columns with the President's budget message. England sets out upon a drastic armament program. But her treasury boldly tells the people that this is something they must pay for. What would our cheery progressives say if they had to go before the people with a 25-percent basic income tax? Yet that is the only sound policy.

Now those who have been clamoring for a balanced budget had better make up their minds that when the President stops pumping government-borrowed funds into the stream of business, someone else had better take up the job. As there is no likelihood of that, they had better make up their minds that one of the early consequences of a balanced budget will be lower prices. The price level cannot be supported without the inflation that produced it. Labor had better make up its mind that it will be faced

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with resolute demands for lower wages. In other words, the immediate prospect of budget-balancing, when it comes, will be deflation. If the spending program is also seriously curtailed the deflation will be worse. If the spending program continues, it must be accomplished by more and more taxes which will be deflationary in another way and in different areas of the system.

What provision has the administration in mind to adjust itself and the country to these consequences? I fear there are no adjustments it can make. It has made the original error of producing an inflationary situation and to that there can be but one end—deflation. There may be more inflation before the deflation, but the deflation must come.

Plainly there is but a single course. It is to resort now, before any further damage is done, to a policy of taxation. This is not popular, I know. But if we are to spend, then the funds for spending must be provided and the only way that can be done is by taxes. It may be done temporarily by borrowing, but in the end the tax collector must follow the money lender. From now on taxation is to become our great national nuisance subject. JOHN T. FLYNN.

That's Latitude

Great Trade Route, by Ford Madox Ford. New York: Oxford University Press. 408 pages. $3.

Miss Quis, by Ward Morehouse. Henry Miller's Theatre, April 7, 1937.

"GREAT TRADE ROUTE" is a book whose general subjects lie in the climate of those countries that run around the world along the fortieth north parallel. Mr. Ford Madox Ford has had every sort of experience: digging, writing, editing, small holding, general fighting, what not. If the civilization of the Mediterranean is to have any chance of continuing, then he must discuss here for us many of those things that make for happiness among men; which, to name a few, include farming, fighting, the theatre, Fine Arts, cooking, and the suppression of the tumults that fill the world today and prevent our getting on with our jobs in peace. Among these elements of happiness for Mr. Ford himself, and clothed in his glitter, warmth, contrariness, reckless force and wit, appear the paintings of Clouet, the sea foods of New Orleans, the poetry of the Greek anthology, the military genius of Stonewall Jackson, the intensive cultural possibilities of the Tidewater and Piedmont districts of the Old Dominion, and the Maison Carrée at Nîmes—that work of art, he says, that "saved the young United States from having on its hands a real war that could not have done her any good." For, apart from the internal disasters of war, there were to the south of her the colonies of Louisiana, there was Florida, et cetera, the upshot being the acquisition of the Louisiana territory through this very Jefferson who had been Ambassador to France and had felt the powerful effect of that piece of architecture upon his mind—"Here I am," he wrote in a letter from Nîmes, "gazing whole hours on the Maison Quarrée, like a lover at his mistress."

Sticking to his parallel among the earth's latitudes, Mr. Ford takes up the charm of the South, any South when life there is true to it—Provence, Italy, most of Spain, all Portugal, and to a little extent the south coast of England even. But since when he writes this book he is in this particular South, he will let this Midi for the time being stand for *the* South. If you say "the South" *tout court,* it is ten to one that you mean the country of Lee, profusion, Stonewall Jackson, Washington, Monticello, the feudal tradition, and so on. It would describe any region along this Great Trade Route, but applies particularly today to the South "that was martyrized after the Civil War" because the problems then raised were "newer and more unsettled than those of any other South." Because of that, he says, it is the South that most immediately jumps into the wind when one uses those two syllables. "In much the same way when you say 'the North' today you mean the region that had a Tea-party and imposed an 'accursed' tariff that ruined the South of the planters, that sighed with discreet relief when Lincoln was murdered, that swarmed on the South like locusts and that now has to foot the bill in a world headed for disaster."

"The practical disadvantage of the Golden Age—or part-time-farming—type of civilization is its relative defenselessness from attack from the north. It will have the tendency to group up into small communities. Being contented they will be unwarlike, being prosperous they will not be overpopulated, and being independent they will be disinclined to place much power in the hands of whatever federal organization they may have evolved. They will also as a rule not possess much civilizing influence over the outer world, whilst they will have the dangerous reputations of being themselves Golcondas or lands where grow fabulous apples of gold." . . . "Flourishing as a rule and tending to self-centeredness . . . they will have the appearance and reputation of easily gained wealth."

Later on he speaks of how Davis and Lee were inhabitants of his beloved Great Route, and as such incapable of realizing that if you wish to defend you must attack—"a sad truth that we Nordics have evolved from centuries of massacre." But a climate that makes for civilization makes also, inevitably and very properly, for military degeneration: The shortest definition of Hellenic civilization 600 B.C. is that it was one of temples and schools. Sheridan in his raid into the Shenandoah Valley, destroyed not only all foodstuffs, dwellings, barns, crops and domestic cattle—military privilege if you like—he burned all the churches and schools. Whereas when Lee's army invaded Pennsylvania he gave the strictest orders against plunder and outrage of any kind.

It may be very brilliant and naughty of Mr. Ford to revive these truths even in his own mind nowadays; but they bear with a curiously pertinent slant on Mr. Morehouse's play about Miss Quis. The place where the story happens is just such a community as such a series of conflicts and events may claim as their result. In the small Southern town of Fancy Gap, population 3,000, things have sadly decayed. So that when Colonel Shelby dies he wills Shelby Manor and his estate to Miss Quis. She had worked in many houses of the town, and was the only person he knew who could mind her own business. The story then is of her using part of her fortune to buy some of the undesirable citizens' absence from the community. Her plans are marred by an unlucky circumstance when her one friend, Buster Niles, the town gambler, strikes a man who insults her. The blow is fatal. Left thus through him in

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the hands of her adversaries, she doubles her first offer; Buster Niles gets a suspended sentence with the proviso that he leave Fancy Gap. When he returns to ask her hand she is obliged to give him up; she is bound fast to the town and her concern for it.

The play has many possibilities in characterization and atmosphere; the natural responsiveness of the Southern life portrayed is well adapted to theatre uses, and the story itself has definite theatre value. There are many parts of "Miss Quis" that Mr. Morehouse has done with charm and facility and glow. The play as a whole, however, chiefly wants underlining; its structure needs scoring. It must be said too that Mr. Morehouse was at a very genuine disadvantage in the acting that served his play. With the exception of Sam Whittle, the local editor, most capably acted by Mr. Charles Dow Clark, the roles that carried the play were left very much undefined, barren in detail of characterization and invention. The dramatist has provided a number of excellent possibilities for the actors; it is quite possible that his play done up to the hilt might clinch a very different impression.

STARK YOUNG.

But Is It Art?

LOOKING at pictures and studying what is said about them, one occasionally gets the feeling of men working along out there in Hollywood, shaping the mechanisms of a complex art delicately and getting no more reward (outside the trade, that is) for their labor and vigilance and aspirations than a blundering imprecise praise or the customary blanket dismissal of all their works. The men make their way in the industry of course, earning titles and fat bonuses and a chicken in every garage; but while that ought to be enough for anybody, I am wondering about the good film makers who must know very well that the same rewards would flow, and often twice as fast, if they made pictures atrociously. It must make them rather cynical to see that about the only way a director can become recognized as a good artist, among the very people who give out the loudest yells on the need for improvement in Hollywood, is to get out of Hollywood altogether: either go abroad and grow an accent or stay at home and join a Group.

Mitchell Leisen makes good comedies; indeed there is enough concentrated film craft in his current "Swing High, Swing Low" to fit out half a dozen of these gentlemen who are always dashing around in an independent capacity making just the greatest piece of cinema ever. The picture will play the big time and there will be press raves and an audience of millions; but one doesn't begin to speak of art until a picture becomes unavailable because of an unfamiliar language or a lumbering scowlike motion that tickets it for the 600-seater houses. Take the new imported version of "The Golem," which is an example of art as nobody could deny. It has the great Harry Baur and it manages a fine atmosphere of the Ghetto and sixteenth-century Prague and it tells a good yarn. But outside of a surface approach to sociology it isn't a patch on the creative effects of "The Bride of Frankenstein." James Whale's "Frankenstein" played into the New York Roxy, though, and the Roxy seats around 6,000; it was more thrilling in practically the same way, but since it didn't have to be played up in a shoe-box theatre as art, it was played down in the normal circuit as a thriller. And that was all.

"Swing High, Swing Low" is romantic comedy shading into tragic effects, the story of a happy-go-lucky Canal Zone soldier who plays the trumpet without knowing how good he is, and falls in love with the lady without knowing how deep a responsibility *that* sort of thing is. It is all fine until an agent books him into New York and he begins to live high and forget about everything, or put everything off. Misunderstandings, too many bars, and presently he is a down-and-outer, and presently (for the happy end) he isn't. The reasons for the failure of this story as truth are various and as follows: (1) the shift from comedy to near-tragedy is thin and difficult ice here as anywhere, (2) coincidence is made to explain turns of the story that should really have proceeded from the weakness of character just as it stood, (3) the trumpet music is so thin and colorless that it is a drag on the story rather than the buoyant influence it should have been.

The faults are easy to catalogue; the virtues are those of good film comedy and about as easy to describe as running water, having the same continuous flow and play of light and change without effort and joy to the senses. Not just dialogue; not just the people who put it over; not just the situations they are put in; not just the clear development and right focus of everything in the cameras. It is a little of each of these and a lot of something else, some sunny genius for the total effect.

You can pick out a spot like the complex visual play of the sequence where Carole Lombard is busy building a fire in the oven and the Messrs. Butterworth and MacMurray are busy rousting a six-foot bed through a three-foot door, and it goes on and on (not the bed, however) and everybody talking and saying What? and dropping the bed—I thought I'd die. Or take the little duel where the rival chippie starts out to freeze Carole by announcing her contract with the El Greco in New York, "Which naturally everybody has heard of the El Greco," she says. "Yes, dearie, but has the El Greco heard of you?" Carole says from offstage where she is changing a dress or something. "Oh of course, sugar," the chippie says, "they must just know me by reputation"—and Carole comes out fastening a strap as demure as sin itself: "Yes, dearie, I'm afraid everybody must know that" and goes into some feminine business or other before the girl can get her breath, "My *angel,* isn't that a stunning hat—is that a *feather?*" and gets away. Or take the way they mount the scene where MacMurray is trying to put on an airy good-by and the camera frames both her against the door and him going down and starting back up the steps, the contrast of plane and position of each helping to bring out the unspoken juxtaposition of their private worlds. Or you could mention the auxiliaries to comedy: Charles Butterworth, Jean Dixon, the game-cock, the flair for the unexpected but completely human that shows in the lines. You could go on and mention each thing in turn, but that wouldn't be the half of it because one thing merely leads to another, just as in life, and this leading-on motion (or continuity) becomes a sort of fourth dimension to the whole, in all its intangible, persuasive charm.

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"The Wave," a film Paul Strand made for the Mexican government, is a different thing altogether. It is a frank primitive, a story about a fishing village and how the poverty of the living there led the men into protest, a wavering resistance and finally (through the tragic incident of the death of a leader) a united front, advancing in boats. It represents an honest heartening theme, acted out on the spot by natives of the place, and many of its patterns in the way of faces and mean streets under the sky and nets and living fish and arms at the oars are beautiful and strong. And there is all the intriguing detail of the miles of painful cordage in the great nets, the drying of them and repairing, movement in the bare hot streets of the town, the mechanics of a big catch and the sale of it in market, the rough awkward boats with their oars properly roped to the thole pins, etc. Moreover, the arrangement of cause and effect, partial failure and victory, makes a very sound text on the technique of collective bargains (in a general sense, that is: the time element is telescoped and many particulars are omitted). The intentions are so good that it seems mean to say that "The Wave" is hardly a motion picture at all, its elementary boss-meets-worker theme worked out in stencils, simple and not brief. Just as it would have been mean of our parents not to cover a smile the time we built a boat out of old planks, and first it wouldn't come out the shed door and then it sank like a bag of bricks before we could get all of it into the brook; and all they did in their fondness was tell us there, there, they were sure it was a *very* superior craft in every other way. We said nothing; we appreciated the kindness; we just looked at the brook and knew they were soft in the head.

OTIS FERGUSON.

The Bandwagon

Trespassers, other than employees, not admitted.—*Sign on the door of the Milton Bradley Company's factory, Springfield, Mass.*

Eight hundred Italian fascist soldiers voluntarily entered the government lines last night.

Unfortunately a battalion of nationalist troops got lost in the fog last night and were taken prisoner.—*The first of these items is from a communiqué of the Spanish government, the second from a communiqué of the rebels. Both appeared the same day in The New York Post.*

The Executive Council of the Monarchist Party is pleased to announce the consolidation of its political activities with a number of radical conservatives and fascists, in an organization to be known from this time as the American Coalition of Rightists. . . . Those sympathizers who were originally attracted to monarchism because of romantic reasons, rather than an actual love for the concepts of justice and order, will be shocked by the Council's practical union with fascists. Yet we naturally hope that they will come to believe with us that fascism, at its best, is a step toward monarchism.—*From The National Quarterly, published by the American Coalition of Rightists.*

YOU MEAN, WHAT STICKS TO THE JAM POT

Few corporate officers can, on their salaries, make adequate provision for their families, for, with the income taxes and with the expenses incident to prominence, the amount left over from a $50,000 or $100,000 a year salary is what sticks to the rungs of the ladder.—*From an article by Samuel Crowther in The Saturday Evening Post.*

CLUCK!

"We request that every hen lay between 130 and 140 eggs a year," announced the Nazi Party News Agency today. Present production is 90 eggs a hen.

In making its "request," the news agency advised farmers to get hens of the Aryan sort.

"The increase cannot be achieved by the bastard hens which now populate German farm yards," said the agency. —*U. P. dispatch from Berlin published in The New York Post.*

BENEFIT-OF-THE-DOUBT DEPARTMENT

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt wore nothing new for Easter.

It would be cheap and easy to chide her for not setting a good example for other persons of property by boosting the Easter trade. . . . However, she might have bought some wee something.—*From an editorial in The Boston Traveler.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

CORRESPONDENCE

Sloganism

SIR: I wonder whether you would grant me a bit of space for an appeal against the spread of Sloganism, or the wholesale use of Nomenclature instead of analysis, among those very intellectual-liberal groups where analysis might expect to find hospitality.

For some eight months, since my return from a long stay in Europe, I have been listening to my earnest friends setting the beginning of world hostilities at eight o'clock tomorrow morning, because there is (to them) obviously no other way out in the struggle between fascism and communism. Nice young men and women, some of them editorially employed, are very generous in telling Messrs. Blum, Eden, *et al.*, exactly how they ought to be running their affairs. The stubborn refusal of these gentlemen to listen to such advice—that they ought to intervene in Spain at once, for instance—earns them first the title of Cowards and in the next breath that of Pro-Fascists. That there is a little matter of human lives involved seems to lose significance. Can it be because the human lives that would be involved are an ocean away? When a thinker like Aldous Huxley begins to probe seriously for a flesh-and-blood common denominator in the world dilemma, and dares to suggest that arms and legs are a general possession of all bipeds, his erstwhile admirers here dub him Buchmanite and add another pigeonhole to their privately manipulated cosmos. All gaps are, of course, covered over by Workers, used frequently, I fear me, by people who have never in their lives had ten minutes of serious conversation with a worker (small *w*).

The excuse that intellectual-liberals and their talk are not important is invalid, because they are. They may not represent the masses, but they are *mis*represented *to* the masses, if and when a genuinely destructive force arises. National Socialism gained not a small part of its power in the backwoods by citing bleakly the all-too-theoretical slogans of a remote handful once free to have their say in Berlin and other large cities.

Perhaps, after all, bleak, humanless divisions are not the hope of the world. And if my friends spread the slogan Cowardice over me, I may have to retort that they themselves are amply covered by Sloppy Thinking.

New York City. LIBBY BENEDICT.

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The Sit-down as Symbol

SIR: Perhaps nothing better shows the changing attitude of the public, the employer and even the courts toward labor than the sit-down strikes and the bootlegging of coal. It is difficult to imagine either of these actions on the part of labor in the past without the summary employment of all forces of the law to eject and punish the offenders. Private property, as we know it, has been invaded without the arm of the law making itself felt. Or are we beginning to take a new view of property?

Are we asking ourselves just how private is property owned by huge corporations, who boast of having thousands of stockholders? It is quite possible that some of the "sit-downers" had a few shares of stock in the General Motors Corporation which might relieve them of the charge of trespass. For shares could have been bought at a very low figure a few years ago. And can property that is owned by thousands of citizens, many of them customers, be called private in the sense of a one-man or one-family ownership? Going a step farther, can even a one-family concern, as the Ford Motor Company, with perhaps 100,000 employees and affecting the lives of half a million people, be called private in the old sense of the word?

How many stockholders view with complacency the payment of such huge salaries to the higher executives? How many believe that the work done by Sloan and Knudsen is worth over four times as much as the presidency of these United States? How many feel that the company is managed more efficiently than if these officials drew $50,000 a year instead of nearly $400,000? How many stockholders would object to having the differences distributed as dividends, or divided with the workers, who create the wealth with which both salaries and dividends are paid? It might even increase the business if part of it went to the customers in the shape of reduced prices.

Orlando, Fla. JOHN J. JOHNSON.

Death in Germany

[This letter is reprinted from a recent issue of The Manchester Guardian.—THE EDITORS.]

SIR: Early on February 15, 1937, my husband, Johannes Eggert, was executed in the Berlin Plötzensee Prison for "high treason." He was arrested in January, 1935, in Leipzig, having succeeded until then in evading the persecutions of the Gestapo. It took the fascist judicial authorities twenty months to prepare a charge against my husband. I myself was forced to emigrate, not because I had been politically active but simply because as wife of an arrested anti-fascist I was threatened with the concentration camp.

Up to now I do not know why they sentenced my husband to death and finally executed him. I know only that he was an opponent of fascism and of war. In 1915, when barely seventeen years of age, he went to the front as a volunteer, was decorated with the Iron Cross for bravery, and advanced to non-commissioned officer. He received three wounds during the War. After peace was concluded he returned home an opponent of war.

I cannot describe my grief when I heard of his execution, which took place five days after his thirty-ninth birthday. I learned of his murder—for I cannot describe it otherwise—through the letter which he wrote me on the day before his execution. I received two letters from him at the same time. In the one he thanked me for my birthday greetings to him; in the other he bade me farewell forever.

I am enclosing an English translation of his last letter. He showed the sincerity of his views and convictions up to his last breath. The letter is as follows:

14-2-37, Evening.

My dear little Lucie:

I have just been informed that my execution will take place within a few hours. I received this information with my own calmness and will now say farewell to you in this letter. I have already today written you a letter which you will receive with the same post. I emphasize once more, my darling, that I feel no fear of death. So you have no need to worry—my last hours are not hard for me. I pass along this path with the same courage with which I did my job during the War. At any rate you may be sure that I know how to die bravely. I hope, darling, that you will take this news with the courage that I expect from my wife. All through our marriage you were my beloved and good comrade, for which especially I thank you now.

I know that in the first moment this will be rather a shock for you; have one good cry and then let our marriage be a loved memory to you.

Many people have to pass through unpleasant things in life which they must overcome. Do not let your sorrow for me crush you, but gather up your courage and carve your life without my further help. I am sure that your relatives there will especially help to keep your spirits up during the first time. Remember always that we must all die, some sooner, some later. Of course, there are many ways of dying, but the fact of death itself does not alter. The only thing that matters finally is whether one has filled his place in human society during his life. To speak frankly, out of many possibilities for death, that planned for me suits me best. I am convinced that during my life I have always tried to do my duty, to do that which I considered right. Try always to do your duty during your life also. I have arranged with my brother that he should keep my things and hand over to you anything you want for its associations. He has also promised to help you with word and deed as far as he is able.

But I do not think that you will need such help. In my thoughts I embrace and kiss you for the last time.

Your Hans.

Greet your relatives there also.

I ask that you publish this letter in your paper. May it be a help in getting the public at last to take a stand against the continuous executions in present-day Germany, so as to save all those who today are still in the death cells of the Third Empire and all those threatened with death in the concentration camps. I know that you will understand I cannot be silent in face of this appalling injustice in Germany; I am fulfilling the duty that my dearly beloved husband demanded of me in his last letter.

Hotel Baltschuk, Moscow. LUCIE EGGERT.

The James Branch Cabell Period

SIR: My thanks to Francis Hackett for pointing out that he and Maxwell Anderson occasionally dissented from the majority report of the 1920's on Cabell, Hergesheimer, etc. [The New Republic, March 3]. That The New Republic, *A Journal of Opinion*, sticks to its opinion from one decade to the other, is nothing to be deplored, and certainly should have been mentioned. But my essay, which was as objective as I could make it and which had to leave out all the amenities of literary qualification, was concerned only with the general critical fashion. The extravagant praise of Cabell and the others was the important historical fact: it made the literary history of the time; and it was made, critically, by Mencken, Nathan, Lewis, Canby, Van Doren, Rascoe, Professor Michaud and as many more names as Mr. Hackett would wish.

But suppose I had included Mr. Hackett and Mr. Anderson. I should have had to say that in 1920 Mr. Hackett thought Hergesheimer's new novel so important that more than a page had to be devoted to it. Would so much space be given a new Hergesheimer novel today, and is not that in itself a revaluation? These are simply the facts as they appear and that I tried as clearly as possible to present without the usual concomitant of neverthelesses and on-the-other-hands. I should have had to say that though Maxwell Anderson decried Cabell's ideas he paused to pay tribute to the "seduction" of his style; while I still think, as I have always thought, that the style is patently shoddy. Mr. Hackett gave Hergesheimer the benefit of space, Mr. Anderson gave Cabell the benefit of style: they were equally involved in the sense of their importance, and that was the main thing I was concerned about.

The "alien ethics and esthetics of Mencken and Huneker" that I mentioned and that Mr. Hackett wonders about are simply the German (Nietzchean) ethics of Mencken and the French (the Goncourts) esthetics of Huneker (*alienus:* belonging to another), transplanted into the American scene. If Mr. Edmund Wilson still thinks that Mr. Mencken represents "the civilized consciousness of modern America, its learning, its intelligence, and its taste,"

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then I don't know what to think of Mr. Wilson. We can all be hoist by our own petard. I do not think age has to do with it at all, despite Mr. Heywood Broun's piece in The New York World-Telegram on Mr. Hackett's piece on my piece. We have to exchange, and revise and combat opinions all our life, or we die.

New York City. PETER MONRO JACK.

Priority Right

SIR: Some of The New Republic's readers may call your attention to the fact that Thomas Mann's address on "Humanism and Europe" in your issue of April 28 has appeared in The Living Age. We published that same address in September, 1936, under the title "Thomas Mann Speaks."

RUTH NORDEN,
Associate Editor, The Living Age.

New York City.

Russia and the World Revolution

SIR: Apparently by having looked too intensely at the glaring Russian scene Mr. Cowley has injured his sight, and when he turns his eyes away from Russia to other parts of Europe he can see nothing but a blur. All that he discerns, it seems, is Hitler and Mussolini. Mr. Cowley writes: "For the Soviet Union to be attacked and destroyed by the fascist powers would be a catastrophe from which I very much doubt that our present civilization could recover. It would certainly mean the end of the world revolution" [The New Republic, April 7].

Of course, at present the destruction of Soviet Russia would be a great loss to the cause of socialism. But why does he consider it a mortal blow to European civilization? Are there no other and greater seats of civilization than Moscow? Even a Russian (and I am one) would smile at such a statement. . . . "It would certainly mean an end of the world revolution." It certainly would not! The living source of the revolutionary spirit in Europe is France, not Russia, now as before, and the Russians are only pupils of the French. (What the Russians read most and studied best was not Marx, but the histories of the French revolutions.) . . . Should Soviet Russia disappear, however sickening it may be, it would not dishearten those Europeans who believe in socialism. Hitler would not be able to convince even the German workers that socialism is unworkable because it failed in Russia or Russia gave it up. What socialists would probably say then is that it was surprising that the social revoltuion could succeed at all and survive for so long in Russia. The social revolution will be a long and slow process in Europe with many ups and downs, and it is quite probable that Soviet Russia will prove to be just one episode in this revolution, a precursor, but not the beginning, of a world revolution. . . .

Philadelphia, Pa. A. I. KOPPELMAN.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Both geography and viewpoints present wide ranges this week. R. Bonsall Smith writes from Talas, Turkey, to oppose giving any aid in any form to any war. He even says, "Those who help take care of the wounded of one army make that army just that much more efficient in its business of increasing the number of dead and wounded in the opposing army." . . . Robert A. Hume, of Pocatello, Idaho, thinks that large employers should now stage a sitdown—sit down and be quiet. . . . Martha K. Feingold, of Brooklyn, denounces a Swedish shipping line for alleged anti-Semitism and discrimination in seating its passengers. . . . Aubert Edgar Bruce of Claremont, California, suggests that we trade Puerto Rico to Mexico in return for Lower California. He also wants the national capital moved from Washington to Denver—out of range of possible sea and air raiders.

George M. Golden, of the Lawyers' Security League, sends us a copy of a call to a conference on social security for members of the professions, to be held at the Russell Sage Foundation in New York City on May 9. Individuals or organizations who are interested should write to Mr. Golden at 2 Lafayette Street, New York City.

The Workers' University of Mexico (Universidad Obrera de Mejico) calls attention to its annual six-weeks summer session to be held this year from July 5 to August 14. Increasing interest has made possible an enlarged curriculum with low tuition rates and living expenses and there will be numerous field trips to supplement classroom instruction. Full information may be obtained by writing to the Workers' University of Mexico, Rosales 26, Mexico, D. F.

Upton Sinclair asks an opportunity to deny stories, printed in some quarters, that he once libeled Rosika Schwimmer in the course of a biography of William Fox. Mr. Sinclair says that Mme. Schwimmer brought suit for libel and carried the case to the Supreme Court of New York State, which sustained the decision of the lower court that no libel had been committed. . . . Postmaster Albert Goldman of New York City wants us to let people know that a comprehensive air-mail schedule, showing mailing time and arrival time for 300 American cities, may be had free of charge by applying to the New York Post Office. . . . Slim Brundage tells of plans of a literary group in Chicago to hold a poetry auction on May 2 at 631 North Rush Street, to establish a prize fund for an A. E. Housman award. . . . C. Gilbert writes from Santa Fe, New Mexico, to say that a very oppressive regime still prevails in the neighboring town of Gallup, unjustly convicted miners still are in prison, and he urges that contributions be sent to the Gallup Civil Rights Committee, Box 863, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Marcel Acier, 152 Thompson Street, New York City, is compiling for Modern Age Books a volume of letters from volunteers in Spain and would like to hear from persons who have such letters, especially those dealing with direct personal experiences. He would like to have the letters accompanied by brief biographical notes about the writer. . . . The North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy is sending out a call for books and magazines in all languages for the hospitals of loyalist Spain and asks that they be sent to its warehouse at 227 West Seventeenth Street, New York City.

In labor matters, Mark Starr, educational director of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, applauds our recent editorial showing that British labor unions are not incorporated and do not have to submit to compulsory arbitration. Ralph Segalman, of the Student-Worker Federation at the University of Michigan, which is believed to be the only students' labor union in the country, tells of efforts to improve pay and working conditions for students who are earning part of their expenses by serving as pin boys in a bowling alley. The Workers' Defense League, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City, sends us a copy of a newly issued pamphlet, "The Disinherited Speak," containing the verbatim text, misspellings and all, of letters from sharecroppers describing their lives in terms that are real and moving.

Salvatore Malta, Bronx, New York City, writes to tell us of a conference to be held April 30, at 8 P.M., at 306 West Eighty-eighth Street, New York City, at which a plan will be discussed for a coöperative organization for medical care. Any of our readers in the New York area who are interested are invited to be present.

What's on the Air?

Laurence Housman, British playwright and author of "Victoria Regina," speaks on "The Royal Family" in an international rebroadcast from England. Monday, May 3, 6 to 6:15 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

Carroll E. Palmer, of the United States Public Health Service, discusses "Growth of Children During Wars and Depressions." Wednesday, May 5, 4 to 4:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Lief Dall, organizer of the New Jersey Agricultural Workers' Union, and Gardner Jackson, of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, are heard on the People's Lobby program from Washington, D. C. Friday, May 7, 3:30 to 4 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Musical programs of the week include a special broadcast with symphony orchestra directed by Frank Black and Rosa Ponselle as soloist officially opening National Music Week, Sunday, May 2, 2 to 3 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; and Ferde Grofe conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra, Saturday, May 8, 8:30 to 9 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

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A National Congress of American Writers[1]

TODAY in America there are signs of a literary revival that may resemble or surpass that of the period from 1912 to 1916—the period of the "poetry renaissance" and the "revolt against the genteel tradition." Those of us who remember the hopeful activity of those years can also remember how it was cut short by the War. And we can see that the promise of the 1930's is threatened in a still more definite fashion.

The fascist powers are trying to impose their system on the rest of Europe and ultimately on the world. Japan, Germany and Italy are all at war without having declared war. After the opening skirmishes in Manchuria and Ethiopia, Spain is the first real battlefield in a civil and international conflict that is certain to recur elsewhere. If the fascists are allowed to win in Spain, then France or Czechoslovakia or the Soviet Union is likely to suffer the next attack. It is hard to see how the United States can keep out of the war once it begins on a world scale.

And there is vastly more at stake, even for writers, than a mere literary revival. Spain is showing us—or rather Mussolini and Hitler and Franco are showing us in Spain—that art galleries, libraries, museums, archives, research laboratories, all the monuments and tools of culture, are subject to destruction along with their staffs of scholars and scientists and the living public for which they exist.

In our own country, fascism is still afraid to wear a uniform. Against it there has been an impressive rallying of the forces that favor democracy. American labor—the strongest of these forces—is organizing itself for what is really the first time. And this rebirth of the American labor movement is connected with the new stirrings in literature—not as cause and effect, but rather as two parallel manifestations of the same progressive forces.

But the growth of the labor movement is being and will be resisted. The bankers and industrialists will fight to keep their control of American life. They will get help from the courts, they will call out the militia, they will have the newspapers to help them in molding public opinion. Fascism will be encouraged and financed as an effective means of "keeping labor in its place." Even war will be used—it has been so used already—as the best way of breaking strikes.

Under a fascist regime, literature will fare no better than labor. Fascism is against the personal and the professional interests of writers. It means censorship, it means the substitution of dogmas for the ideas that are a writer's stock in trade. It means that the economics of scarcity is applied to the intellectual world as well as the business world, so that the audience for books and plays—already much too small—is further reduced by arbitrary limitation. And fascism means a sharper division between social classes and a closing of the careers that are still open to talent.

Here is an issue of immediate concern to writers.

The growth and diffusion of leisure, wealth, taste, education—until they reach the whole people—are to the advantage of writers both individually and as a profession. The interests of writers are identical with those of the innumerable people who compose their potential audience. Further than this, literature has always been deeply enriched by reflecting the social hopes and passions of its own time. This is the historical charter for the freedom and greatness of our literature.

We are not advancing these ideas as fixed theories that have to be accepted on pain of intellectual excommunication. On the contrary, we believe that they should be discussed among writers as freely and widely as possible. We believe that many other ideas concerning their technical and professional problems should be discussed at the same time. And that is one of the reasons why we are issuing invitations to a national congress of American writers.

Such a congress is long overdue. The need for it has already been expressed by regional congresses of Midwestern and Western writers. Other writers meeting regionally are agreed that such efforts must be unified on a national scale, and the League of American Writers is therefore sponsoring the congress.

As one result of it, we should hope to see the establishment of a national organization of American writers. We suggest that the aims of such an organization should be—

First, to provide a center for the cultural activities of American writers in general, and a link between writers now separated by age or place of residence;

Second, to help in raising cultural standards by the discussion of literary problems;

Third, to arrange lectures and conferences and issue a magazine;

Fourth, to maintain friendly relations with the writers of other countries by contact with their own organizations and also by encouraging the translation of important works;

Fifth, to defend the political and social institutions that make for peace and encourage a healthy culture—and specifically to defend the democratic rights to education, to freedom of thought and expression;

Sixth, to effect an alliance for cultural defense between American writers and all progressive forces in the nation.

We therefore invite writers of professional standing who agree generally with our aims, to take part in a National Writers' Congress to be held in New York City during June 4, 5 and 6.

Newton Arvin	Archibald MacLeish
Van Wyck Brooks	Claude McKay
Erskine Caldwell	Lewis Mumford
Marc Connolly	Clifford Odets
Malcolm Cowley	Vincent Sheean
Paul de Kruif	Upton Sinclair
Waldo Frank	Donald Ogden Stewart
Langston Hughes	Genevieve Taggard
James Weldon Johnson	Jean Starr Untermeyer
John Howard Lawson	Carl Van Doren
Robert Morss Lovett	Ella Winter

New York City.

[1] Writers who are interested in the Congress may obtain further information by writing to the League of American Writers, 125 East Twenty-fourth Street, New York City.

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The Snake in the Cabinet

Why Was Lincoln Murdered? by Otto Eisenschiml. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 513 pages. $3.50.

THE ASSASSINATION of President Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth has generally been regarded as the act of a hot-headed Southern egoist who hoped by firing the fatal shot to avenge the defeat of the Confederacy and to become the hero of the South. Now, Mr. Eisenschiml points out that if Booth had really been acting for the Confederacy, his logical victim would have been Grant, the victorious general, rather than the President. Booth was an intelligent man well acquainted socially and politically in Washington, and must have been well aware of the crisis in Lincoln's Cabinet after Appomattox; he must have known that in murdering Lincoln he was removing the South's best hope of clemency and was leaving the Confederate leaders at the mercy of the extreme Abolitionists. Mr. Eisenschiml believes that if Booth was not actually plotting with a person inside the government, that person was at least aware of Booth's intentions and did nothing to stop him.

Circumstantial evidence points the most accusing finger at Edwin M. Stanton, the irritable, haughty and power-hungry Secretary of War, who despised and feared the President for his moderation. On the afternoon of April 14, Lincoln went to the War Department to ask for a special guard and was refused by Stanton. The plainclothesman who watched over Lincoln's box that night and let Booth pass had long been notorious for incompetence; yet Stanton, who might have been expected to order him executed, did not even dismiss him from the force. After Lincoln was shot, Stanton ordered all the roads out of Washington blocked—except the road Booth was most likely to take. The telegraph wires, so carefully guarded throughout the war, suddenly went out of commission. Stanton, who knew the identity of the assassin at once, did not give out Booth's name until the morning papers were printed. And Booth—despite orders to capture him alive—was killed as he was about to surrender, apparently on secret instructions from someone who did not want him to talk.

Mr. Eisenschiml believes that Stanton, aspiring to the presidency, wished to control the South in order to keep the Republican Party intact, and to erase Lincoln was a necessary step. He also presents evidence that Stanton prolonged the war until the North was so embittered against the Confederacy as to make Abolition sure. Stanton's vicious campaign of propaganda against McClellan, and his recall of the general whom Lee said he feared more than Grant, would seem to support that thesis. But Mr. Eisenschiml's assumption that the Emancipation Proclamation was the fruit of Stanton's intrigues does not bear examination. The proclamation was aimed not so much at slavery as at England, for British intervention on the side of the Rebels, almost a reality before Antietam, was made impossible by Lincoln's shrewd declaration of his "cause." The author, holding a very conventional view of the causes of the Civil War, is concerned only with the corruption in the army and the government and has made no investigation whatever of the powers of high-finance capital in New York that may have guided Stanton's hand.

Mr. Eisenschiml is just and impartial. He has not tried to write a sensational exposé, but has merely presented evidence which, for all his clumsiness in putting it together, is exciting and provocative. If the book fails to satisfy the expectations it raises, it is because the material is not conclusive enough and because the author has failed to turn the searchlight on the banking and industrial interests that lurked in the shadow of the White House and the War Department.

JOHN HYDE PRESTON.

Lyric Authority

The Sleeping Fury, by Louise Bogan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 54 pages. $2.50.

LYRIC poetry often falls from grace, and usually for reasons of its own making. It does not require much acuteness to see what excesses brought the personal and amatory verse of the past fifteen years into disrepute and directed writers once more toward impersonal ideas, humanitarian causes, a more external and critical kind of poetry. When a poet arrives at an impasse of self-consciousness or becomes disgusted with the self-advertising vulgarity into which lyrists descend who lack vigor for a really profound search into the heart or character, a turn toward human and social purposes may come not merely as a corrective but as a means of salvation. This does not mean that the poet himself is necessarily saved. The art of public and proletarian purposes offers its own delusions if, by remaining ungrounded in personal sincerity, it uses moral and hortatory arguments to disguise a poverty in more fundamental spiritual forces. It is likely then to produce an eloquence as false, a rhetoric as inflated, and a sentiment as spurious as anything the conventional lyric versifier is guilty of. And its fault is likely to seem more serious, since it leads to the enervation not only of personal integrity but of an urgent human faith. In such straits the example of the lyric discipline becomes imperative and indispensable.

Louise Bogan's earlier books, "Body of This Death" in 1923 and "Dark Summer" in 1929, won their fame for sufficient reasons. Their rigor of form and emotion was an immediate reproach to the lyric slovenliness around them. They showed a poetry that said nothing that did not come from the deepest sources of personal and poetic sincerity, and that allowed no word or phrase to remain untested by an extreme pressure of creative necessity. Her new book is as spare and severely compiled as its predecessors, and in a new decade it points a similar distinction and moral. Whether it will be greeted by the same high respect is beside the point. Fashions in poetry may change but not the accent and austerity of poetic truth, a phrase that has its meaning refreshed by the finest entries in this volume—the title poem, "Italian Morning," "To My Brother," "Roman Fountain," "Kept," "Man Alone," the first and final songs. Here there is nothing to disguise, prop or confuse the thing said: no front of "beliefs," no leaning on borrowed arguments or literary and political allusion, and none of that fretting preciosity which has become a recent lyric fashion. The word, phrase and stanza have their simplest construction (Miss Bogan is still at her best away from free verse or experimental forms); the imagery is simple and final; the symbol stamps the mind with an indelible impression and shows the poignance of meanings extracted from a depth of mind and consciousness that alone ensures a compelling form of truth. It is because they show so firmly what this depth can yield that these poems bring the finest vitality of the lyric tradition to bear on the confusions that threaten the poets who, by satire or prophecy, indignation or reform, have reacted against that tradition and cast it into contempt. Poets like Yeats and Rilke met this crisis of sincerity in their careers, and comparison loses its odium when Miss Bogan's finest lyrics are set in the company of theirs. She has kept to the hardest line of integrity a poet can follow and has sacrificed

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the easier victories of many of her contemporaries. Her work, instinctive with self-criticism and emotional severity, speaks with one voice only; her rewards and those of her readers have a common source in the discipline to which the clarity of her music and her unsophistic craftsmanship are a testimony. It should be a model for poets in any decade or of any ambition. MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

Stale Gossip

Books and Battles of the Twenties, by Irene and Allen Cleaton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 300 pages. $3.

THE AUTHORS were defeated before they began. It is impossible to write a "literary history of the twenties" that makes sense if you start with the year 1920. Many of the period's most significant tendencies arose in the previous decade and some much earlier. The authors dip back occasionally, but in a somewhat surreptitious manner, as if their doing so violated the purpose of the book and should be ignored or forgiven.

Since, however, the authors have no real understanding of what "history" is, it is only natural that they should set up a false time limit. Their attempts at interpretation are few and superficial; on the whole they are content to be reporters. But even reporting—good reporting—depends upon some standard of judgment as to what is important and what is not, and when you find Mencken, Van Doren, Rascoe, Hansen, Woollcott, Van Wyck Brooks, Edmund Wilson, Isabel Paterson and Laurence Stallings grouped together as critics "whose taste and literary skill lent luster to the literature of the decade," then you know that the authors have no standards whatever. So, too, when you find "The Great Gatsby," "Ethan Frome" and "Linda Condon" mentioned in one sentence as being "among the great fictional works of our literature," you know that the writers of that sentence need a little training in taste.

The reporting isn't even accurate in many places. The chapter on the expatriates gives the impression that Ford Madox Ford's Transatlantic Review was the first magazine in exile, but the fact is that Broom, Gargoyle and Secession preceded it. In a two-page simple-minded chapter on the left-wing writers who followed the twenties, the statement is made that Granville Hicks issued the anthology "Proletarian Literature in the United States," whereas six men edited the volume. The critical acts attributed to Hicks are absurd distortions of his true opinions, which appear, by the way, not in the anthology but in "The Great Tradition." The only section devoted to economic and political revolt consists of five pages on the Sacco-Vanzetti affair (in which it is said that many intellectuals have since changed their minds about the case), one page on Upton Sinclair and two and a half on the Southern Agrarians, in the course of which the authors thoroughly misrepresent the history of radical sentiment in the literature of the period and overlook the true significance of the reactionary groupings. They state that Harold Ross founded The New Yorker, which is less than a half-truth. They list Paul Laurence Dunbar among the Negroes whose work started a vogue at the beginning of the decade, whereas Dunbar died in 1906.

There are too many passages on the Algonquin, newspaper advertising, publishers' cocktail parties and literary promiscuity. These were interesting phenomena, but they are here discussed in a gossipy, half-whimsical, half-satirical style. To be worthy of serious attention they should be based on some knowledge of American business during the period, of the changes in publishing effected by new houses which were definitely related to the social tendencies of the time and of the revolution in morality. But that kind of treatment is beyond the grasp of these authors, who nowhere show any true historical sense and rarely even suggest the social and intellectual forces that created the variously curious, idiotic and exciting movements. There are some twelve hundred entries in the index, which proves an extremely wide coverage. Half as many entries would have been sufficient, if covered intelligently. The trouble is simply that the book is written out of the same spirit and mentality as the chit-chat literary columns and essays that disgraced the very years with which the authors deal. Their work is to be regarded, therefore, not as a diagnosis but as a specimen of the disease. BERNARD SMITH.

Germany in Exile

An Exchange of Letters, by Thomas Mann. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 12 pages. 50 cents.

IT IS not the same for Thomas Mann as for the ordinary political émigré to turn away from Germany and raise his voice against its government. He was never a political writer like his brother Heinrich. His first reaction to Hitlerism could not be of a political nature, but was simply the silence of a man who feels himself suffocating. On the other hand, he was not merely someone forsaking a private life, a private home and purely individual plans: he was one of the architects of the great house he left behind him; he was one of the creators and sponsors of the cultured Germany, the *"gebildete Deutschland,"* of yesterday, and whatever he wrote was written for that group. Had he spoken politically as soon as he left Germany, his books would have been forbidden and the trilogy on which he had been working for ten years would never have reached the readers for whom it was intended. Roots deep in the soil take longer to tear out than the surface roots. But finally Thomas Mann has broken his silence; and we greet with respect his decision to join with the other exiled German writers who have been denouncing Hitlerism.

The Hitler regime deprived Mann of his German citizenship. Falling in line—in the tradition of the German academic class—the University of Bonn struck his name from its roll of honorary doctors. The illiterate commands; the Dean obeys. The professors keep silent. Honoring . . . dishonoring—it all goes like clockwork. But not always; for this time the victim answers back, and in an unexpected way. "The Exchange of Letters," besides the feeble notification from the Dean, contains a twelve-page reply from Thomas Mann.

The name of the Dean is not mentioned. Thomas Mann "has not the honor" of knowing him. The gentleman's signature was illegible. So Mann does not address him personally, but speaks to a creature who is willing to be illegible and nameless. Through this "unknown employee" he strikes at the employer, at the regime itself.

Mann's bill of indictment mentions the destruction of fundamental human rights, the systematic establishment of cultural barbarism, the deification of war. It could not be expected to contain any original matter; the fascist state is the fascist state. But it is Mann's voice that is new. Hitherto this voice was wary of emotion and avoided confessions; now this reserve, this "expressing by refraining," is tossed aside. Mann's style has become direct, terrible, powerful. His enemies will be amazed by the tragic violence in the voice of a man they always derided as the master of cere-

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monies of German prose. They will be amazed all the more by the fact that Mann speaks as a patriot—thus seizing the claim staked out by the present rulers of Germany—and moreover, as one "whose patriotism, perhaps naïvely, expresses itself in the belief in the infinite significance of whatever happens in Germany." His voice will reawaken those non-Germans to whom the German situation is "something they know about already." And if copies of the letter happen to reach German readers, *his* readers, we do not think that Thomas Mann will lose them.

GUENTHER ANDERS.

The Victorian Villain

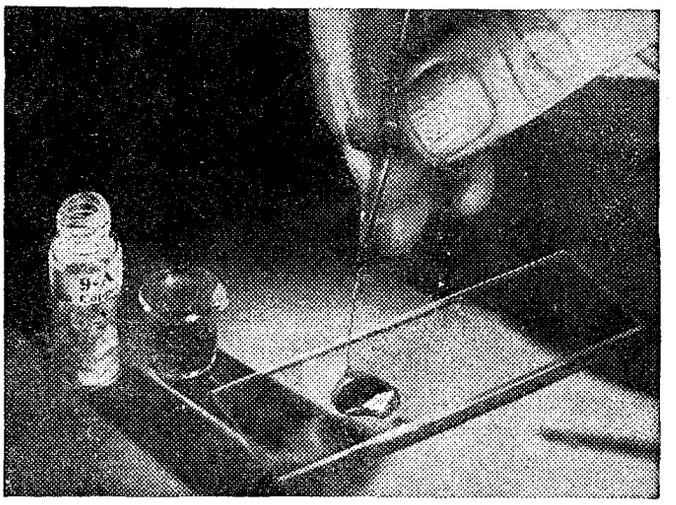
The Earnest Atheist, by Malcolm Muggeridge. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 282 pages. $2.75.

MR. MUGGERIDGE holds that Samuel Butler was greedy, hypocritical, calculating, jealous, homosexual, quarrelsome, disloyal, and not very bright. It will be gathered that he does not approve of Butler. He also does not approve of Victorianism, anti-Victorianism, Karl Marx, the League of Nations, promiscuity, continence, homosexuality, parlor revolutionaries, real revolutionaries, birth control, sex education, D. H. Lawrence, atheism and earnestness. And he lumps all his dislikes together as modernism, and blames the whole business on Samuel Butler.

Mr. Muggeridge's method is to use every discernible defect in Butler's character, physical appearance and habits of life to blacken the man and his work. If Butler suffered from diarrhoea, that must be counted against him. When he left the Church he was a fool, and when he returned to the Church he was a fool. If he was homosexual he was vile, and if he was heterosexual he was vile. At one point Mr. Muggeridge accepts the picture of Butler's father that one finds in "The Way of All Flesh," but at another he suggests that Thomas Butler was sadly maligned. It all depends on whether he wants to show that Butler was tainted from childhood or desires to prove that he was unscrupulous and unfilial.

What Mr. Muggeridge is for, as distinct from what he is against, is never clear. Apparently he is Catholic or Anglo-Catholic, but possibly his religiosity is only assumed in order to belabor Butler's irreligion. In discussing Butler's lack of faith, he says, "A conception such as of sin being innate in human nature, and yet of human beings being made in God's image, of miserable sinners being forgiven their sins so that they are spotless, and still being miserable sinners in need of forgiveness, or of a God who is infinitely concerned with men and women and their doings, as a father with his children, and yet who sees them as grass, one day growing and the next thrown into the oven—such conceptions were beyond him." This has all the cogency of corner-drugstore dialectics: one says, "I don't understand how so-and-so can be true," and the crushing retort is, "You wouldn't!"

It is a pity that Mr. Muggeridge is so maliciously unfair, for most of Butler's biographers, from Henry Festing Jones to Clara Gruening Stillman, have kept none too far this side of idolatry. They have tried valiantly to make Butler's personality attractive, and they have thrown as flattering a light as possible on his ideas. The truth seems to be that he was snobbish, and that the rebelliousness that usually overcame his very real tendency towards conformity was inspired by egotism. Together with much that was sound, he propounded his full share of nonsense. He had an uncommonly literal mind, and his literary gifts were scarcely those of a great novelist, though he did write a great novel.



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Yet, welcome as a more critical approach to Butler would be, Mr. Muggeridge's book is less valid than that of his most adulatory predecessor. His almost pathological bitterness toward Butler makes him incapable of honesty, to say nothing of insight, and bizarre notions about "modernism" render him equally incapable of a significant analysis of Butler's ideas. Butler's role in the breakdown of the Victorian synthesis was an important one, and his career is significant for the student of ideas because it indicates how far the forces that destroyed Victorianism grew out of the very conditions that had shaped its growth. Of all this Mr. Muggeridge shows very little indeed. It is doubtful if his book will even be useful in counteracting the excesses of overappreciative commentators, for even his valid criticisms are badly stated and defended with bad reasoning, and his desire to attack everything he doesn't like by attributing it to Butler makes him exaggerate, more than the admirers, the extent of Butler's influence. GRANVILLE HICKS.

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Medicine and Society

The Development of Modern Medicine: An Interpretation of the Social and Scientific Factors Involved, by Richard Harrison Shryock. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 457 pages, illustrated. $4.

Medicine and Mankind, edited by Iago Galdston. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 224 pages. $2.

THE DEBT of medicine to society and the role of society in the development of medical science are the broad themes of these two volumes. Approaching medicine as a social historian for whom science is as vital a part of culture as politics, economics or the arts, Professor Shryock, of Duke University, has written a scholarly work designed to show that "the whole character of a society may be conditioned by the nature of the diseases common to it." Taking as his principal subject the field of public health, and as his data the records of Europe and America since 1600, Shryock gives a masterly if somewhat pedestrian account of the rise and growth of preventive medicine, from the stumbling empiricism of the Renaissance period to the brilliant but sorely handicapped technical achievements of the present. In his excellently documented pages the physician labors against a background of frequently incredible social bigotry, and our appreciation for the work of such pioneers as Paré, Pasteur, Lister, Walter Reed and Trudeau is heightened by a deeper understanding of the forces, both subjective and external, with which they had unceasingly to contend. The interrelations of medicine with the other sciences is well indicated, and there is an excellent account (inferior, however, to the brilliant "American Medicine" by Dr. Henry E. Sigerist) of the swift rise of American medicine. Of particular interest are the chapters dealing with modern medical triumphs—triumphs whose long-range social value is—except in one country—obscured by an economic and political system which still confuses public health with private initiative.

The second volume contains a series of seven lectures on medicine as given to the layman last year by the New York Academy of Medicine. Popular in tone, and quite devoid of any concrete suggestions for the future, these lectures are rich in interesting technical and historical material. But this reviewer regrets that Dr. Walter B. Cannon's paper, "Wisdom of the Body," was excluded from the published volume: between this paper and Dr. Carrel's reflections on "The Mystery of Death" my choice would have been prompt and decisive. HAROLD WARD.

Phantom Town

Jordanstown, by Josephine Johnson. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.

THIS IS an extremely disappointing novel. Miss Johnson belongs among the writers who are to be taken seriously, and because she does it would be foolish to mince matters: "Jordanstown" is a failure. What is worth praising in the book—the shaping of an incident, the wording of a paragraph, the glimpse of life enlarged by poetry—shows only the hand of the gifted amateur; what the book lacks are not simply those things which give a novel distinction, but also those things which give it reality. It is muddled and wavering in execution because it was muddled and wavering in conception. The characters, with their good intentions, their love of words, their loose thinking and failure to act by plan, seem to mirror the plight of the author.

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The author has written "Jordanstown" in a sincere desire to protest against the social inequalities and social evils of American life. People submit, or they starve and suffer, under a system that does not work and is too callous to care whether it works or not. If such people stand up for their rights, they are knocked down by the forces of law and order. The underprivileged are written off as failures; the rebels, as criminals. And with passionately outraged feelings Miss Johnson has told this story, typical and plausible, of certain unhappy, defiant and defeated people in an American town.

The trouble is that she has not made it a convincing, or an interesting, or even an entirely relevant story. The failure of her little band to achieve much is not due, in the end, to the odds against which they fight; it is not due to the mistakes they make or to defects of character they reveal. It is foredoomed, for it lies in their hasty, unchanneled emotions, their adolescent, off-center ideas, their ignorance of all procedure and even, perhaps, of the forces they are proceeding against. The "leaders" of Miss Johnson's little rebellion are a pair of idealists who could scarcely start a good campus demonstration. But the point is that Miss Johnson is not treating them for what they are; she is taking them seriously, and she is taking them seriously because she herself is as hazily idealistic as they, as unrealistic and confused. Her Jordanstown, far from seeming like a place of factories and strikers and small-scale capitalists, is a phantom town. We never once clearly behold it; we get no genuine picture of its social conditions; we know of it only as a vague target for the author's impulse to protest. And as there is no solid background, so there is no solid plot, and no solid story-telling, and no solid characterization.

It is commendable that Miss Johnson has turned toward such an important theme; and doubtless she felt she had to treat it according to her own talents and her own experience. A small town is no worse material than a great industrial set-up, or a strike. But Miss Johnson has failed on her own terms because she has not made her book interesting enough, which is the fault of poor craftsmanship and story-telling; and because she has not made it real enough, which is the fault of sketchy knowledge and an uncertain social attitude.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER.

New Books: A Reader's List

THE DU MAURIERS, by Daphne du Maurier (Doubleday, Doran; $3). The du Maurier family tree, starting with the strange in-laws of Ellen Clarke and Louis-Mathurin (b. 1797), branching out through George ("Trilby"), Gerald, and the rest. Old letters, records, albums and family legends—coupled with an understanding of family traits that comes of possessing them—are the center of it; but the tree is done in the style of fiction, and has leaves. The book is exemplary for its recreative nostalgia, comprehension and unsparing sharp tongue.

PHOTOGRAPHY: 1839-1937 (The Museum of Modern Art, New York City; $3). The recent comprehensive exhibit of photography at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City leaves an enduring residue in the official catalogue of the show. Beaumont Newhall's eighty-page introduction provides a sound and readable review of a century of photography, there is a bibliography and the 95 plates include splendid reproductions of early daguerreotypes.

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THE ANTAGONISTS, by Paul Hervey Fox (Holt; $2.50). Joseph Sheppard, a distinguished mathematician and still a virgin at forty-one, falls in love with Julia Daly, a nymphomaniac. One could wish that the dice weren't quite so heavily loaded against the professor. But that doesn't keep one from enjoying the novel, which is an absorbing and tragic study of first love in middle age.

CRUISE OF THE "CONRAD," by Alan Villiers (Scribners; $3.75). Out of his savings Villiers bought and outfitted a sweet frigate no bigger than Bligh's "Bounty," and with no more than an AB's ticket sailed her around the world the hard way (two-odd years, Cape Town, Cape Horn and all). Something of an anachronism, something of a live historian, with a quiet, level head and steady hand, Villiers' good book is only a by-product of an active faith, a gesture in salute to a tradition that never went down with its great ships. A short glossary; handsome photographs.

Contributors

MARY HEATON VORSE has long been interested in the labor movement as a novelist, journalist and organizer. Her books include "Growing Up," "Men and Steel," "Strike" and her autobiography, "A Footnote to Folly."

ERNEST HEMINGWAY recently helped to organize an ambulance unit for the loyalist forces in Spain and is now revisiting that country, the scene of much of his earlier writing, as a correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance.

RIDGELY TORRENCE, for many years poetry editor of The New Republic, is the author of several volumes of verse and of a number of plays for the Negro theatre.

DAVID GRENE, a member of the Classics Department at Trinity College, Dublin, is now visiting lecturer at Harvard University.

JOHN HYDE PRESTON, a close student of American history, has written a biography of Mad Anthony Wayne and a biographical history, "Revolution: 1776." He is now doing research for a history of the Civil War.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL, the editor of Poetry: A Magazine of Verse, is publishing this spring, through Henry Holt and Company, a collection of modern criticism, "Literary Opinion in America."

BERNARD SMITH has contributed essays and reviews to many periodicals in this country and abroad.

GUENTHER ANDERS is an exiled German writer.

GRANVILLE HICKS, author of "The Great Tradition" and "John Reed," is now working on a book on English literature during the last half-century.

HAROLD WARD, a student of the sciences and their social implications, has contributed to The New Republic, The Living Age and numerous other magazines.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER, the editor of "An Anthology of Light Verse" and "An Eighteenth Century Miscellany," published last year by G. P. Putnam, recently published a translation of La Rochefoucauld. He has just returned from a several-months trip to England.

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